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LITERATURE.

The Inn Album. By Robert Browning. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1875.)

AFTER the lapse of seven months Mr. Browning comes before the public with a new poem, 211 pages in length, averaging about fifteen lines of blank verse to the page. The common outcry against quick production, as though it argued want of matter or of meditation, is negated by all we know about the inexhaustible fertility of masters in the several arts. There is no reason why an author's November tale in verse should be bad because it was preceded by his April argument in rhyme. Yet there are qualities in Mr. Browning's style which render the reading of his poetry a strain upon the mental faculties, and it is, perhaps, imprudent to expect that twice in one year the public will care to undergo the labour necessary for arriving at the gist of what their poet has to tell them. Writing in verse comes as naturally to Mr. Browning as writing in prose to other men; indeed, his poems seem to show that he thinks at ease in verse; for they have all the spontaneity and freshness of improvisation. But easy writing is, in his case, undoubtedly hard reading—hard chiefly because no effort has been made to overcome quaint mannerism, and because the task of smelting the pure metal from the ore is handed over by the poet to the reader. This being so, the argument of one of Mr. Browning's poems is a matter of vital importance. Should the subject in itself involve the exercise of weighty thought or high imagination, then it is always worth the while to pierce below the husk and seize the kernel: for Mr. Browning is richly endowed with thought and imagination. If not, we rise from the perusal of his work with a weary sense of labour thrown away. Of few poets can it be said with equal truth that their success depends on their subject.

The Inn Album may be classed with *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*. It has for its theme a vulgar, repulsive, and improbable story, in setting which forth we may as well try to imitate the local-newspaper language that seems best suited to convey it. In this form, therefore, let the argument be stated. "Shocking and mysterious tragedy. The parlour of the village inn at X. was yesterday the scene of a drama which cannot fail to occupy the attention of the nation, and to take its place among *causes célèbres*. Miss A., the fair and youthful heiress of X. Hall, left her aunt, in the afternoon to pay a

visit to a friend who had arrived that morning at the inn. After knocking at the parlour-door, she entered, and saw to her horror and astonishment the lifeless body of her friend (Mrs. B., the wife of a country clergyman at Y.), stretched upon the floor beside the corpse of Lord C. D. Mr. E., who is, we understand, the cousin of Miss A., and who, if rumour err not, is about to assume a closer relationship to his fair kinswoman, was discovered by the young lady at no great distance from the two bodies. He alone can give a full account of what had happened in the parlour; and it is to be expected that what he knows will transpire in evidence at the coroner's inquest. Meanwhile, there is no reason for concealing what common report has to say about the tragedy. The corpse of Lord C. D., who was no other than the celebrated man of pleasure notorious for *bonnes fortunes*, and brother to the Duke of Z., bore marks of violence, while it was clear that Mrs. B. had died by poison. It is therefore supposed that Mr. E., in the course of a quarrel, flew at his lordship's throat or knocked him down, and unfortunately killed him; and that Mrs. B., for reasons as yet but dimly surmised, took her own life by drinking prussic acid which she carried on her person. In order to complete the elements of this dark story, it may be added that Mrs. B., while still unmarried, had been deceived and abandoned by his lordship, whose successes as a gay Lothario, although no longer *de la première jeunesse*, are matters of publicity. This disappointment, which dates from four years back, led to the young lady's making an ill-considered marriage. Meanwhile, it is believed that Mr. E., about the same period, paid his addresses to Mrs. B., and it is rumoured that her rejection of his suit drove him into voluntary exile from England. Lord C. D. met him by accident in Dalmatia. Ignorant of their common interest in Mrs. B., they struck up an intimacy which ripened into friendship, and the London clubs are full of stories in which his lordship plays the part of Captain Rook to Mr. E.'s Pigeon. Through what combination of circumstances the four actors in the tragedy met at last in the village inn of X. remains as yet inscrutable, but will no doubt be soon known to the public through the revelations to which the impending trial must give rise."

Having excogitated this newspaper paragraph for the benefit of those about to read *The Inn Album*, let us approach the poem itself. Mr. Browning, according to his wont, deals with the subject half dramatically. And here it may be said at once that the *dramatis personae* are intellectual entities, distinguished by no names, and only characterised externally by brief touches. He shows us the middle-aged rake—well-born, well-bred in the breeding of the fashionable world, but utterly corrupt and dead to honour—in the company of his friend and dupe, the rich young snob, of still untainted instincts, whom he has been bear-leading in London and Paris. They are now alone together in the inn-room, at the end of a night spent in play for high stakes. The dawn is breaking. The

noble lord, on adding up accounts, finds that, instead of plucking his pigeon, he has lost ten thousand pounds. This is more than enough to ruin him; and the young man generously asks him to forget the debt. Has he not learned in knowledge of the world far more than ten thousand pounds' worth of wisdom from his precious friend? The elder's mode of refusing to be excused his obligation first reveals the mean and crafty nature of the man. In the course of the dialogues which ensue during a walk to the railway-station, we learn that the elder has advised the younger to marry his rich cousin, who lives at the Place near the inn, although there is not much of love between them. While waiting for the train which he is fated to miss, but which will bring his doom upon him, the elder narrates a romantic episode in his past history, to which, with an odd mixture of infernal egotism and impotent remorse, he ascribes his subsequent failure in life. Another romantic episode in that of the younger, very different in kind, and now alluded to with very different feeling, is also discussed at some length. Then the scene is cleared for the two other personages—the girl who is about to marry her cousin, and a stately lady friend, who has been invited to inspect and pronounce opinion on the youth. The ladies enter the inn-room, left vacant by the men, and fall to talking. All these initial dialogues enable Mr. Browning to present his characters with fullness and distinction: and very skilfully has he done so, marking differences of age and rank and temperament and habit as only a master can. The four actors are put thus in pairs upon the stage—two men, an elder and a younger; two women, a younger and an elder. Now comes the task of combining them in reciprocity of action. To the elder lady left alone in the inn-room enters the elder man, himself alone. Their eyes meet: she it is who was the heroine of his romance; the betrayed and the betrayer, the injured woman and the egotist, find themselves face to face after four years' separation. The situation is just one of those which Beaumont and Fletcher sought for the display of rhetorical declamation. Mr. Browning makes, *mutatis mutandis*, similar play with its capacities for mutual recrimination, sophistry, scorn, and so forth. It is altogether a very brilliant display of poetical invective on both sides; at the close of which, by the mere force of her conscious superiority and firmly-centred will and triumphant beauty, the lady brings the knave upon his knees, and forces from him something meant to simulate repentance. At this juncture in comes the young man, and sees before him the heroine of his romance too, with his master in the arts of life prostrate at her feet. What follows is the working out of the situation to its tragic climax. The young man has to be first convinced of the transcendent dignity, in spite of all appearances, of the lady, and to recognise in her once more the mistress of his soul. The elder man, after being utterly unmasked and defeated, convicted as "the adversary" to honour, virtue, loyalty, and truth, is made to offer a last

insult to the woman whom he wronged. Then the young man kills him at a blow. The lady, for reasons not adequately indicated, dies, apparently by poison, which she has already managed to drink. The step of the girl is heard outside the parlour-door, and the curtain falls upon the two survivors and the two dead bodies.

The allusion lately made to Beaumont and Fletcher suggests some points of comparison not without value. As in their plays, so here, the interest attaching to the persons and situations, the rhetorical ingenuity of the poet and his dazzling volubility, stand out in glaring relief against improbabilities of plot, incoherences of structure, and unaccountable revolutions of character. We are, besides, angry at being forced to pay so much attention to a parcel of knaves and dupes, devils and victims, placed in paradoxical circumstances that outrage the realities of life. We feel the artistic impropriety of arriving, through the medium of words placed in the mouths of the persons, at what is really the commentary of the poet, who makes their masks a mouthpiece for his casuistical and psychological expertness. When the final crash of the catastrophe arrives, we rub our eyes to see if in truth we have not misread the pages. Is it possible, we argue with ourselves, that such an intricate machine of thought and passion should come to a dead standstill with a jerk so uncouth and so comic? There is, moreover, no tranquillity, no attempt at the resolution of these many discords in a harmony. While our strongest feelings of hatred and contempt are excited against the elder man, we are not allowed to love or admire the woman whose life he has ruined. Though these characters may be said to be something like Guido and Pompilia over again, what was perfect in Pompilia is smirched and hardened to the exclusion of all sympathy here. When this pair then are dead and done with there is no interest left for the younger couple; they, all along, are just an ordinary girl and boy, between whom, by the very conditions of the tale, no real affection subsists, and upon whose further history no light is cast. Thus the conclusion leaves a mere impression of disgust at wickedness, a sense of wearisome negation, a ruin of broken and degraded lives. At this point I must guard myself against seeming to say anything about the morality of the poem. Morality is neither here nor there in the consideration of a work of art on its own merits.

The foregoing criticism would not be in place were the subject of the poem truly tragic. The passionate anguish of *King Lear* needs no relief: its awful beauty is enough. But the raw material of a "penny dreadful," such as the theme here is, requires more artistic manipulation than Mr. Browning has given it before it can be called a poem. Beauty of any kind is what he has carefully excluded. Vulgarity, therefore, is stamped upon *The Inn Album*, in spite of the ingenuity with which, by suppressing name and place and superfluous circumstance, the writer succeeds in presenting only the spiritual action and reaction of his characters upon each other, in spite of the marvellous scalpel-exercise of analysis which

bares the most recondite motives, in spite of the intellectual brilliancy which gives a value to everything he has to say.

J. A. SYMONDS.

Letters of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; now first published from the Original Manuscripts at Madresfield Court. With an Introduction. (London: John Murray, 1875.)

THE greater portion of this new volume of Marlborough Correspondence is addressed to a Mr. Jennens, or Jennings, "a London lawyer of eminence and of substance," doubtless closely connected with the Duchess's family, though the exact relationship seems difficult to trace after this lapse of years. Many of the letters are undated, but internal evidence shows some of these to have been written while William was King, while others carry us down to the year 1725. The long period thus included suggests the division of the correspondence into three sections: the first closing at the time of the Duchess's quarrel with Queen Anne and the disgrace of the Whig Ministry; the second comprises the time when the Marlboroughs were in exile; and the third section the time after their return home and restoration to royal favour at the accession of George I.

The most noteworthy letters in the collection were written during 1712 and the two succeeding years, when the Duchess and her illustrious husband were travelling abroad under the humiliating circumstances which attended their political defeat by the Harley faction. The first letter, written from Maestricht, dwells with pardonable pride on the honour paid to them in all places on the Duke's account, "which is not disagreeable now, because as it cannot proceed from Power, it shews that hee made a right Use of it when hee was General, and is a short Way of letting you see what People must think Abroad of this Ministry and Parliament." At Maestricht, the most considerable people, she writes, have but just enough to live upon, and the ordinary people are half starved; but they are all so good and so civil that she wishes them the riches and liberties thrown away by "our wise citizens and countrymen." At Aix, we read, the Duchess spends her time in visiting nunneries and churches, hearing such marvels and seeing such ridiculous things as would seem incredible if narrated; the priests there have "three Parts or four" of all the land in the country, and yet are not contented, but squeeze the poor deluded people to get more: poor people, indeed! half starved already by the vast numbers of holidays on which they can't work, and the money they must pay, when they have it, for the forgiveness of their sins.

Her Grace's horror of Papists and wooden shoes crops up continually in these letters, thus: "I cant help having some small Hope that Men with solid Fortunes will not submit tamely to be given up to France;" and again: "Whoever will help to save us from France I will forgive their other Faults." At Frankfort the noble pair received a visit from the Elector of Maintz, whose shape is described by the Duchess as "like my own, a little of the fattest," but whose face ex-

pressed openness, honesty, sense, and good nature. The thousand lies spread abroad of her in England give her no manner of disturbance; not even do the attacks in the *Examiner* afflict her (inspired though some of them are by "Mr. Pryor, who has great obligations to L^d. Marl."); for she fancies that whoever can take in such papers would write them if they could, and, therefore, one's enemies are not increased by such like. That the "man" who wrote the *Tale of a Tub* should be made a dean makes her Grace "really pleased."

The philosophical tone in which some of these letters are conceived is well illustrated by the following extract, the style of which reminds us a little of the conversational peculiarities of a prominent figure in modern fiction, Mrs. Nickleby:—

"I am not uneasy as you think upon Account of the Time that is so heavy as you imagine me, which you may the easier believe because I us'd to run from the Court and shut myself up six Weeks in one of my country Hous's quit alone, which makes me now remember Mr. Cowley, who says 'tis very fantastical and contradictory in human Nature that People are generally thought to love themselves better than all the Rest of the World, and yet never can indure to be with themselves; and hee adds that it allways shocked him to hear one say that they did not know how to spend their Time, which would have been very unlucky and ill spoken by *Methusalim*; but tho' I have quoted what suited my part very well in that Author, and that I love Solitude more than ever, I would not have you think that I don't wish earnestly to see my Friends, and to be in a clean sweet Hous and Garden, tho' ever so small, for here there is Nothing of that kind, and in the Gardens, tho' the Hedges are green and pretty, the Sand that goes over one's Shoes is so disagreeable that I love to walk in the Road and Fields better, where the D. of Marl. and I go constantly every Day in the Afternoon, and stop the Coach and go out wherever wee see a Place that looks hard and clean."

The domestic arrangements of the different abodes occupied by the Duke and Duchess were not of a kind to reconcile them to their enforced exile; it filled them with wonder every day to see "countries so long civilised want all the Conveniences of Life." Everything good and convenient was, however, to be found at Frankfort, they were told; and, on arrival there, the Duchess reports that it is one of the best towns to be found abroad, but "one must have suffered a good deal to make one find any Ease or Satisfaction by being there." Though occupying the best house in this best town, they can find but one place to make a fire in, and the weather is so cold that they are half starved, "for their manner is Stoves, which is intolerable and makes my Head so uneasy that I cant bear it."

Cowley seems a favourite poet with her Grace, for, in addition to the reference to him we have quoted above, we find her writing, in reply to an opinion of her correspondent that a state of uncertainty is the worst state in the world:—

"*Drayden* I know is of that Mind, and says tis better once to dye than allways fear. But that is against Mr. Cowley, who says:—

'Hope, of all ills that men endure
The only cheap and universal cure.'

And I own I begin now to be in great Apprehension of Misfortunes that can't end but with my life."

Of the dexterous and audacious Thomas Wharton, long conspicuous both as a libertine and as a Whig (to quote Macaulay's view of him), who boasted of having sung a King out of three kingdoms by his ballad of *Lillibullero*, the Duchess's opinion is thus expressed on the day of his death, April 12, 1715, she being then back in London:—

"Lord Wharton is given over. Doctor Garth sends me word that he can't live till Night; and to show what a publick Spirit I have, I do protest to you I should be very sorry for his Death, tho' he had been my mortal Enemy, having never in my whole Life seen so usefull a Man as hee was in the *Parliament*, and so constantly right in all Things that concern the true Interests of England."

We have left no space wherein to discuss the many domestic details which form the bulk of this correspondence. Trivial and insignificant as many of them appear to a hasty reader, their biographical value is great as evidence of the many humane qualities with which the great Duchess was really endowed, qualities of which there is small token in the public acts of her life. There is a fairly-written introduction to these letters, conceived on sound Church principles, and from the "Good Queen Anne" point of view; but the usefulness of the volume as a work of reference would have been increased by a few explanatory foot-notes and an index.

J. J. CARTWRIGHT.

A New System of Sword Exercise for Infantry. By Richard F. Burton. (London: William Clowes & Sons, 1875.)

We gather from other sources than the book before us that the author has been from his earliest youth a keen student and an able wielder of the sword. As an undergraduate at Oxford nearly thirty years ago he was an expert fencer. From Oxford he passed to India, and there for many years he had all opportunities of studying the form and manner of use of the multifarious weapons of the different races: indeed, it is this knowledge—practically, one might almost say, acquired—that gives to him the right to speak authoritatively on all points connected with the sword, especially with that form of it which wounds with the *edge*, from the crooked, villainous-looking *crease* of the Oriental to the long, straight sword of the English dragoon—weapons typical, it may be said, of the men who bear them. But while from this wide range of information we recognise the author's right to be heard on all points pertaining to the forms of national weapons, there is no demand made upon us in this respect in the unpretending little volume before us. The author enters into no comparisons of forms and modes of use of differently-designed weapons—no theoretical speculations on different systems of instruction and practice; he takes the English weapon as it is, hilt and blade; the English Book of Instructions as it is, as issued by the military authorities; the English system of teaching and practice as it is, as laid down for officers and men; and then points out where these fail in attaining the object they have in view, and how with some slight modifications this might be attained.

The book is clearly designed, in all its arrangements, to be suitable for a text-book for the military schools of arms—now, happily, provided at every military station as an integral part of the gymnasia there organised—and is quite within the comprehension of the men selected and qualified for instructors. With characteristic freedom of utterance the author begins by telling us not what to do, but "what to avoid," and with this view gives for illustration the sketch of the "hanging guard" as given in the Regulation Book of Instructions for the army. We agree with him, and endorse all strictures on this attitude, and also on that of the lunge, and also, too, on the mode of passing from the one to the other; and we emphatically endorse the recommendation to abandon the old hanging guard, with body resting on the rear-limb, and adopt the outside guard (in tierce) as in every way a better *point de départ* for attack and a safer position for defence.

Again, as to the lunge, as might be expected, Captain Burton is too intelligent an observer and too practised a swordsman not to condemn and abandon the old formal, erect position of the trunk for the natural, energetic and far-reaching position with the incline forward of the trunk, approximating to that of the left leg, when the thrust is being executed. Several years ago we ourselves urgently pressed these two points upon the military authorities, but with only partial success. It is quite true that while in all energetic fencing this forward inclination of the body is a necessity, and that, however taught in the *lesson*, in the *assault* the body will assume this position; for in the *thrust* the whole momentum of the coup is to the front; yet we can see how this is not so absolute with a cutting weapon where the coup may be more or less vertical or lateral, and the author, although not stating this distinction, in effect admits it by the figure which he produces to illustrate the position, which really differs but little from the old-fashioned stiff and ineffective position as now used in the army, and which he so severely condemns.

A notable improvement for the initiatory instruction of the sword is given by the substitution of an oblong target placed vertically, instead of the circular one now in use. This target is made to represent both in width and height a man of ordinary stature. This recommendation is made important by the number and the direction of the cuts which Captain Burton recommends; for, while the tendency among swordsmen of late years, both in army and navy, and with cavalry as well as infantry, has been to simplify the sword-exercise as much as possible by reducing the number of its movements, Captain Burton would extend the cuts and their parries from seven to twelve. The French also limit their cuts to seven, while the Germans add one more—an upward cut, the counterpart of our Cut Seven. There will be various opinions expressed upon this point.

A most noticeable feature in this system, as laid down in the book before us—a feature to us quite inexplicable—is this: the author is most urgent in his injunctions for swordsmen to use the point rather than the edge

whenever opportunity serves, needlessly, as we think, supporting his recommendation on the authority of the French General Lamoricière, and quoting from the French Book of Instructions:—"Les coups de pointe doivent toujours être employés de préférence, comme exigeant moins de force et ayant un résultat plus prompt, plus certain et plus décisif." We say we do not see any necessity to have such an opinion backed by any authority, native or foreign, for no one who knows anything about the matter will dispute it. But what we do wonder at, and with a special wonder, is this—that, while holding this opinion, there is no word of instruction stating how, when, or where a thrust is to be delivered! The subject, indeed, is dismissed with these words:—"Of the points or thrusts with the broadsword nothing will here be said: they belong to another order of things, and they should be studied in the fencing-school." We may be wrong, but in our opinion the entire capacity of any weapon should be taught and learned at the same time and in the same place.

There are two distinct divisions of this book which claim the merit of newness in this country, if not of originality, and these are the *Coup de Manchette*, or fore-arm play, and the *Moulinet*. The author rightly attaches the greatest importance to this fore-arm play, and says:—"This true and simple secret of the broadsword has been universally neglected, or rather not worked out." In this Captain Burton is not quite so correct as usual: it is true that in our Regulation Instructions this "Play" is not laid down, neither is it formally taught to recruits; but officers who really learn to handle the weapon they carry, and amateurs who practise for exercise with stick and basket, not only know the chief of these cuts but assiduously practise them. Indeed, to our own knowledge, based on no short or slight experience, for one cut delivered at the body by a good swordsman, two will be delivered at the fore-arm, and notably the one which Captain Burton calls "the flower of Manchette" i.e.—the *time* cut under the arm. We must attribute this scant allowance of credit to his countrymen's intelligence to the fact of the author's long and almost continuous absence from England. This said, the author may fairly claim the credit of having elaborated and arranged the several movements into a system, adding to their number, providing each cut with its suitable guard, and setting them clearly forth for teacher and learner. While discussing this point we would mention an arrangement which strikes the eye of the professional teacher at every step—and that is the comingling, or rather the using without adequate distinction, the terms applied to movements of an entirely different kind—terms applied to offensive or defensive movements respectively. The custom is an old one—we had hoped an *obsolete* one, discarded not to be resumed—such as the use of the terms *tierce* or *carte* (*quarte*): these are properly the names of parades or guards, and as such the author uses them when describing these defensive movements, but farther on we find them used as applied to movements of an entirely different kind—to wit, "*Carte de Manchette*," "*Carte de Manchette and Cut Carte*,"

"Double Cartes de Manchette and Cuttierre," &c. It may be set down as a rule to which there is no exception that in all exercises, and especially exercises designed to be taught to numbers of men, whether in squads or classes, the names and titles of movements cannot be given with too much distinctness.

The next point deserving of special notice is the *Moulinet*. This consists of a circular sweep of the sword, executed as a prelude to attacks on either line, or on their subdivisions. We wish the author had given us more information on this point than he has volunteered to give, as we believe it to be entirely new in our service. As a movement of *drill*, for what the French call "breaking the wrists of the recruits"—i.e., making them supple and pliant—we could imagine nothing better; of the propriety of making it in face of an enemy our personal experience does not warrant our giving an opinion.

There is one point in the book, one rather implied and left unexplained than inculcated, from which we dissent, and that is the mode of practice, or *loose play*, by which this system of sword-exercise is to be carried out; for we believe we shall be supported by all swordsmen qualified to give an opinion when we say, that to attain to anything like skill and dexterity the learner must have the means of practising with an opponent, with all his energy and without danger, attack, defence, and return. This necessity has been recognised not only in the army but in fencing-schools for civilians, and not only in the sword-exercise but in all defensive exercises whatever. Thus with the thrusting sword we have the foil—representing the actual weapon, but slight, pliant, and carefully buttoned at the point; for the bayonet we have a similar modification in the long spring by which the bayonet is forced back on touching the opponent's body—the bayonet being also carefully buttoned; for the broadsword we have a stick of the length of the sword-blade with a leather or basket-guard for the protection of the hand; nay, for boxing or sparring, have we not the carefully muffled or padded glove to clothe the only half-shut hand? The law is universal and undisputed in all defensive exercises. Now, what means of practising his system of sword-exercise does Captain Burton propose? In simple fact, he does not in his book propose any substitute for the sword for loose or friendly play, and we believe we are not misinterpreting his views on this head when we say he means it to be carried on with the actual swords themselves! As he recommends these swords to be made "as sharp as razors," we trust this is not to be done until the learner has finished his practice. We believe the explanation of all this is that Captain Burton has been using his own sword so frequently, and with such queer adversaries, that he has forgotten the requirements of beginners and the "properties" necessary to friendly play. The reason which he assigns for discarding the stick is the danger of hitting with the *side* of it, which is really no danger at all; for the grasp of the sword being correct (and as he gives it it is perfect), the part of the

stick corresponding to the sword-edge will always give the coup.

In conclusion, we can only say that Captain Burton has made another claim on the gratitude of his countrymen by his gift of this work—and, to use a phrase not now used for the first time, "no soldier should be without it."

ARCHIBALD MACLAREN.

Merry Drollery Compleat; being Jovial Poems, Merry Songs, etc., collected by M.N., C.B., R. S., and J. G., Lovers of Wit, both parts: 1661, 1670, 1691. Now first reprinted from the final edition, 1691. Edited by J. Woodfall Ebsworth, M.A. Cantab. (Boston, Lincolnshire: Robert Roberts, 1875.)

It is not long since the first volume of this series, the *Westminster Drollery* of 1671, was re-published with a genial and jubilant preface by Mr. Ebsworth; and here we have a similar collection of ten years earlier, with another preface from his pen. The *Westminster*, it is true, included many well-known pieces, and but few of great rarity; yet taken altogether it had a distinct character of its own, with a charm of piquancy which the introduction prepared us to appreciate. But, in Malvolio's phrase, "this simulation is not as the former." Mr. Ebsworth appears to anticipate some difficulty in "educating his party" of readers to the needful pitch of Cavalier enthusiasm. He is diffident, and with delightful candour lets us know as much at the outset. He remembers his praises of W. D., when he "deliberately proclaimed:" "There is no collection of songs surpassing it in the language." He remembers, and tells with wonted quaintness, Dean Ramsay's Aberdonian anecdote (removing the venue southwards to Falkirk) of the owner of the guinea, who exhibited it for a penny, and when the precious coin was gone offered to let his neighbours see "the cloutie it was row't in for a bawbee." He gets so far as to say that he is "like that Scottish wight;" but draws back somewhat appalled at the comparison, "Have we nothing but an empty bag to offer?" He then manfully resolves to make the best of matters, and the most of the merits of *Merry Drollery*.

The contents are then set forth with great skill, though (one fancies) with recurrence of slight tremors as to their real value. There is every justification for this feeling. There are some old favourites, trite and badly printed ("wofully corrupt" in one instance, as Mr. Ebsworth allows)—Suckling's "Wedding" and "Session of Poets," Herrick's "Roses," Cowley's "Lines after Anacreon." There are, too, some love-verses by Dryden that are not hackneyed, and have all his easy directness: e.g.—

"When with unkindness our love at a stand is,
And both have punished ourselves with the pain,
Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is!
Ah, what a pleasure to touch it again!"

But the editor is obliged to allow that the collection has less of the sweeter graces of poetry than its successor, the *Westminster*. It would be difficult to discover much poetic grace in the pieces not included in the class just referred to. Mr. Ebsworth is driven to insist, in a *crescendo* of emphasis, on the historical importance of the book. It is

dedicated to "all students of history who desire to learn the true state of England at the close of the Civil Wars." His own caution as to the danger of over-rating the importance of ballads is only put in to be set aside and forgotten. "As helping us materially to understand those times, which can never be without the gravest interest to us while we remain a nation, the *Merry Drollery Compleat* is truly valuable and is now reprinted."

The historical value of the *Drollery* consists in a few ballads on passing events, such as that containing the spirited realisation of "the anarchy" in its varied burden: e.g.—

"Come, then, let's have peace," says Nell,
'No, no, but we won't,' says Meg,
'But I say we will,' says fiery-face Phil,
'We will, and we won't,' says Hodge."

The Bishops' war, the Puritan emigration to New England, the execution of the regicides, the discontent of the returned Cavaliers, are topics of other rough-and-ready rhymes. The editor, staunch Cavalier though he be, does not slur over the "gross mismanagement" and "foul orgies" of the dominant party. The other side gets scant sympathy, as might be expected. They are the "rabble rout of rebellion." But when Mr. Ebsworth calls Hugh Peters, the companion of Cromwell in his Welsh and Irish expeditions, "miserable and cowardly," the reason of the phrase is less evident than its animus. Bradshaw is "gloomy," and Marten a "licentious buffoon," which reproach, even were it deserved, is not quite in place here. For the bulk of the collection consists of lyrics treating of love "in its coarsest satyr-shape," of liberty in gipsy guise, and of revelry in its maddest or most sottish varieties. The most noteworthy strains of a somewhat higher mood are "Love lies a bleeding"—a seasonable reproof of the continual bickering in which "men fell out they knew not why"—and the reply of the loyal Cavalier to his malcontent brother. But we have too often to lament with Master Holofernes that "for the elegance, the facility, the golden cadence of poetry—*caret*."

In this *Drollery* there is much level dulness, broken but too often by some rock of offence. The Restoration bard "calls out o' sack," and "o' women"—but not in the penitent strain of the dying Falstaff—till even Mr. Ebsworth's good humour gives way to his "intense disgust at such things." His "honest acknowledgement is, that if the four original editors had exercised a more rigid censorship, the book would have been doubly welcome to nearly everybody two hundred years ago, and now." If the first half of this assertion were true, it would damage the representative character of the book. We could not then infer from its popularity that "already among the Cavaliers were spreading immorality and licentiousness"—though most people would think that conclusion tolerably safe on other grounds. It would seem the most natural thing in the world to do now what the "Lovers of Wit" should have done at first. But the editor thinks differently:—

"An expurgated edition is wholly valueless for antiquaries and historical students. If an editor tampers with his original by excision few persons

know where he may stop, or can rely upon his discretion. Scissors are dangerous in the hands of infants or pedants. Worse still, if he leave out six bad things, and in mere ignorance or slovenliness retain a seventh, readers are more shocked and disgusted than when he tells them plainly that he is not answerable for such selection, but preserves the text with all its manifest corruptions. He marks up *Cave canem*, with a hint of spring-guns and Upas-trees. If anybody wander into quagmires after this, it must be intentionally."

There is no analogy between Bowdlerising a play of Shakspeare—an organic whole—and striking out the unbearable indecencies from a miscellany of *Jovial Poems*, *Merry Songs*, &c., as the title-page has it. "Historical students" would be no losers by the excision of what is utterly worthless. Mr. Ebsworth is neither pedant nor infant, neither slovenly nor ignorant, and he might have trusted himself with the scissors. Nobody would like Upas-trees and spring-guns for his private walking, and as to quagmires—"if the water come to the man, and drown him." It is the editor's duty to drain off the superfluity of nastiness—"utterly destitute of humour as of excuse"—for the circulation of the book is not now, it appears, restricted to subscribing antiquarians. It is announced in the ordinary way by a London publisher, and "that this volume will never be seen by anyone belonging to the gentler sex" is rather to be desired than expected.

Every reader of this volume will be glad to see Mr. Ebsworth well through the *Choice Drollery*, and at the end of the series. He may then, perhaps, give us his own collection of seventeenth-century poetry—a posy culled with discerning hand from the lanes and by-ways of our literature. By that time, it is to be hoped, he will have paid sufficient deference to the prevalent fashion of textually reproducing what was never worth production. There will then be no need for his final appeal and apology:—

"Some readers, leaving what are choice and rare
May take exception to these ancient posies:
We grant, some look like weeds; we hardly dare
Commend them to your bosoms or your noses.
What then? In *Hortus Siccus* placed with care
They'll gain historical metempsychosis."

If a few faded flowers deserve this immortality, it is not every one who would care to garner in his library the whole mass of decaying rubbish on which they may have reposed.

R. C. BROWNE.

Wälsches und Deutsches. Von Karl Hillebrand. (Berlin: R. Oppenheim, 1875.)

THIS is a book which, according to a favourite expression of the author, "does one good." The writer is always calm and dignified, and perfectly sincere both with himself and us. He knows precisely what he means, and says precisely what he means; he never says anything unless he is sure that it is worth saying, and never writes in a hurry, so that he is always in the full possession of his thought. In fact, he is almost or quite the only living German who might plausibly claim Goethe as his intellectual ancestor—as plausibly as Voltaire is claimed as the ancestor of M. Edmond About. It is not surprising that Herr Hillebrand regrets the

days of Goethe, so far as regrets are possible to a well-disciplined mind, which finds the secret of repose in regulated activity in such directions as happen to be practical at a given moment. Certainly a writer has carried Goethe's favourite virtue of "Entsagung" very far who can recommend his countrymen to acquiesce in a national culture independent of literature and art, and based upon the temper and bearing characteristic of Prussian officers in time of peace.

It is probable that he resigns himself more readily to seeing his country pass through this very uninviting phase because one of the points which has been most impressed upon him by his observation of the spiritual history of Germany is that it consists of a succession of phases, each of which stamps itself irresistibly on the minds of all who were young in the twelve or fifteen years that it lasts. One of these phases shows that in certain directions the German mind moves more rapidly than the English; the Germans passed through "muscular Christianity" and came out the other side some five-and-twenty or thirty years before the English had made themselves well acquainted with the name. On the other hand, there is no evidence that the young gentlemen who wore their hair long and believed in Barbarossa and practised gymnastics, and generally went in for being fresh and free, and good and glad, ever occasioned anything that had so much literary value as Canon Kingsley's best things have still. Of course the literature of the period of the Restoration in Germany had worthy representatives in Uhland and Heine, but neither had much in common with the "frisch-freifromm-fröhlich" school. The Restoration is a time to which Herr Hillebrand is fond of returning. We might almost suspect him of a weakness for it, for he is not content with purely rational grounds for his admiration: he is not satisfied with saying that the Restoration was a time when society was very charming, and when there was a great deal of literary activity all over Europe; he will have it that the society of the Restoration was a survival from the society of the eighteenth century. Considering that the society of the eighteenth century was influenced and penetrated by pre-revolutionary literature, and the society of the Restoration by post-revolutionary literature, the spirit of the two societies must be admitted to be different, though there was much analogy in the forms, and especially in what attracts Herr Hillebrand, their aristocratic character. Certainly Herr Hillebrand is an aristocrat himself, he insists that much of what was good in the first French Revolution was due to the liberal part of the French aristocracy; he even goes so far as to say that when he speaks of the German nation he means always and only the educated part of it, and it is one of his most serious charges against Gervinus that he prefers "Gambetta'sche Freiheit" to the beneficent rule of Bismarck. The essay on Gervinus is one of the longest in the volume, and quite the most powerful; it would probably have more weight with readers out of Germany, if the author's dislike of a publicist who exercised such a strong influence under such a curious form was not due to the fidelity

of Gervinus to his original programme. Herr Hillebrand cannot forgive a man who remembered what he had wanted all his life after Bismarck had given him something else; and he makes the same charge against Guerazzi and Tommaseo, who could not accept the bastard and languid parliamentarism whose reign has been extended over the whole peninsula since Sedan, as the realised ideal of their youth. In fact, he thinks ingratitude to events is a natural fault with all Italian patriots, from Dante downwards. Though, to be sure, "Dante belonged to the tribe of grumblers as the lion belongs to the tribe of cats." Such quotable felicities are rare in a writer whose chief excellence is an even perfection of finish, both in expression and thought; there is another in the essay on Gregorovius' *Lucrezia Borgia*, who is regarded as a sort of superior Madame Récamier. The Court of Alexander VI., Herr Hillebrand thinks, must have been worse than the society of the Directory, and as it was wonderful that Madame Récamier, after charming the society of the Directory, was able to charm the romantic society of 1830, so it was yet more wonderful that Lucrezia, passing, without an interval, from Rome to Ferrara, should have carried all before her by sheer easy-going sweetness. Though Lucrezia is a much less important person than Lorenzo the Magnificent, she is made the subject of a much more suggestive study, and quite one of the best things in the book is the full-length portrait of Prince Pückler-Muskau, who wrote the book which supplied a not very conspicuous gap in German literature and created two very beautiful examples of landscape-gardening without knowing or caring how either of them was to be kept up, and exceeded even his contemporaries in the eccentricity of his domestic arrangements, which Herr Hillebrand records in a tone of disinterested and respectful curiosity. He does not exactly approve such conduct, in fact he regards it as an advantage that it has become impossible; still he has more sympathy with the liberties which aristocrats could once take with rules which are necessary for common mortals, than with the purely utilitarian esteem for marriage and property, and the monarchy, which apparently are the only things in which educated Germans can still be said to believe. Another element in the free life of Rahel Varnhagen, and their circle, which the author regrets, perhaps rather more than it deserves, is their "religiosity," as distinguished from "religion." They had a fine sense of what is solemn and touching and incalculable in life, and they indulged this sense without cultivating it—at any rate without regulating it; and they did not molest themselves or others by unintelligent efforts to hold fast the treasure bequeathed to us by the times and the men in whom the religious life attained a development which it certainly did not attain in Rahel or in Gentz. It is quite true that those who are most zealous in defence of this treasure are often least able to profit by it; but, after all, the generation of 1810 took pains to train themselves to appreciate all classics except religious classics, and we can scarcely admire them for not training themselves to appreciate these. On the other hand, the

author objects quite impartially to systematic irreligion: he sympathises with Nitsche's polemic against Strauss, and the tendency to find everything for the best in the best of all possible Empires; for though Herr Hillebrand does not wish his readers to find fault with their rulers, he thinks they can hardly be too ready to find fault with themselves. In fact, he comes as near being a pessimist in theory as is possible to a man who cultivates a regulated hopefulness in practice; and one of the best of his minor points is, that the acceptance of Schopenhauer's philosophy would not lower practical energy more than the acceptance of Calvin's theology.

It should be added that this volume forms a sequel to the author's well-known *Frankreich und die Franzosen*, and it is to be followed by another, *England und die Engländer*. It will be very interesting to see what an observer like Herr Hillebrand says of us.

G. A. SIMCOX.

Matthæi Parisiensis, Monachi sancti Albani, Chronica Majora. Edited by Henry Richards Luard, M.A. Vol. II. A.D. 1067-A.D. 1216. (London: Rolls Series, 1874.)

MR. LUARD'S second volume of Matthew Paris loses nothing in value from the fact that, unlike the contents of the first, the Chronicle from the Conquest has already been more than once printed. The patchwork character of Parker's edition, upon which all others up to the present have been founded, has been pointed out in Sir F. Madden's preface to the *Historia Minor*, and elsewhere; and, if any doubt remained of its utter untrustworthiness in other respects, it is effectually disposed of by the further specimens given by Mr. Luard. Not to speak of a more than ordinary propensity to blunder, the Archbishop—if he is to be held personally responsible for the edition which bears his name—seems to have entertained the most eccentric views of his duty as an editor. The way in which he treated his author may be seen from a single example, the most glaring, perhaps, out of many. In giving the character of the Conqueror, the St. Albans compiler adopts almost *verbatim* from Malmesbury a well-known sentence in illustration of William's reputation for chastity. It is scarcely credible that this appears in Parker's edition with what Mr. Luard justly terms the "shameful alteration" of *respexit* into *respuit* and *nihil* into *quidvis*, by which the sense of the passage is exactly inverted. Such audacity may well move the indignation of a conscientious editor of the *Chronicles and Memorials*, and the more so in Mr. Luard's case, as he has to confess himself to be one of those "editors of other historians" who have given various readings from Matthew Paris, which prove to be merely the blunders, distortions, and interpolations of his original editor.

It is needless to say that there are no such blemishes in the present edition. On the contrary, the accuracy of the text, to judge from so much of it as we have had the opportunity of testing, is unimpeachable. Its value and usefulness are, moreover, increased by the laborious care with which Mr. Luard

has noted in the margin the manifold sources from which the history is compiled, and by a convenient summary of the additions made by Paris to the work of those who preceded him at St. Albans in the office of Chronicler.

The attempt to determine who these predecessors were forms one of the most interesting features of the preface of this, as of the previous volume. As, however, it is with the second volume only that we are at present concerned, there is no need to discuss here Mr. Luard's former arguments against the popular theory that the Chronicle of Paris is founded entirely upon that of Wendover, to the close of the latter in 1235. It is enough to say that the evidence adduced to show that for the earlier portion of their histories—whether, as he argues, to the end of 1188, or to some earlier date—Paris and Wendover merely had recourse to the same original, is strong, if not altogether conclusive; although it is difficult to see why Paris, having Wendover's work at hand, and using it after 1188, should for the previous period have gone back to the earlier and unrevised compilation. Granting, however, that, from whatever motive, such was the fact, a further question arises as to the authorship of the common prototype. Mr. Luard's answer to this is given with less confidence; in the first volume, indeed, it was limited to the suggestion as a "very possible theory" that the compiler may have been identical with the author of the *Life of Offa*, sometimes, but, as it seems, erroneously assigned to Paris himself. Although, as will presently be seen, he has now advanced beyond this, his examination of the subject can hardly be called exhaustive, from the strange neglect to consider, or even to mention, the claims of that Walter of St. Albans who is said by Pits to have written "*quaedam Anglicarum rerum chronica*" about the period when the compilation must have been made. It is true that the statement of Pits, though precise enough, is unaccompanied by any reference to the source of his information. It is at least, however, accepted by so high an authority as Sir T. D. Hardy, who, in his *Descriptive Catalogue*, argues not only that Walter was the author of the compilation used by Wendover, but that this compilation forms the earlier portion of the *Flores Historiarum* of "Matthew of Westminster," contained in the Chetham MS. 6,712. As this MS. is believed by Mr. Luard in his turn to be "a transcript with additions and omissions" from the Corpus Christi MS. xxvi. which in its original form represents the compilation used by Paris, there can be no doubt of the identity of the work attributed by the deputy-keeper to Walter and that of which the authorship is here in question. Mr. Luard's reticence, therefore, is the more unaccountable, and not, perhaps, altogether fair to his readers. On the other hand, the suggestion he himself now makes as to the authorship is both original and ingenious. At the end of 1188 in the Douce MS. of Wendover—corresponding to the end of the Corpus Christi MS. xxvi.—is the entry "*Huc usque in lib. cronic. Johannis Abbatis.*" Identifying this Abbot John with John de Cella, Abbot of St. Albans from 1195 to 1214, he is "inclined to think that

we have here the clue to the author's name, and that the St. Albans compilation was made by Abbot John de Cella himself up to the year 1189, when Wendover took it up and carried it on in the same style and from the same sources." Beyond the entry quoted above, there is unfortunately no positive evidence to support this theory. The most that can be said is, that it is not inconsistent with the generally studious character of Abbot John as depicted by Paris himself in the *Gesta Abbatum*. As, too, he had been prior of Wallingford, it may be thought to receive incidental confirmation from the fact, which Mr. Luard ingeniously points out, that in taking from Robert de Monte his account of the reconciliation between Stephen and Henry II. the compiler inserts the words "*apud Walingeford*" as the place where the conference was held. On the other hand, independently of the words in the Douce MS. being, as Mr. Luard admits, readily susceptible of a different interpretation, it is a more serious objection than he seems to consider it that, although Paris in the work above mentioned enumerates somewhat minutely John de Cella's attainments, he not only does not ascribe the Chronicle—not to speak of the *Life of Offa*—to him by name, but says nothing which in any way countenances the idea that he was a writer, or even a student, of history. This would be significant even if Paris did not use the compilation directly, but through the medium of Wendover's recension; for its recent date, the eminence of its supposed author, and the official position of Paris himself, still render it impossible that he could have been ignorant of the existence of the work or the name of the writer. But when it is remembered that, on Mr. Luard's own showing, the work was not only well known to Paris, but was the object of his particular preference and study, it appears equally impossible that he should not have taken the trouble to ascertain who was its author, and that, had the author been John de Cella, he would not have mentioned so important a fact in his biography. For the present, therefore, the claim of Abbot John to the honour of being the first of the illustrious series of the St. Albans historians, must be regarded, like that of the somewhat shadowy Walter, as "not proven;" but it is not, perhaps, too late to hope that, as the work of editing the MS. materials of English history proceeds, further evidence on one side or the other—the source, for example, of Pits's statement—may be forthcoming.

Upon the contents of the volume we have not left ourselves room to dwell. This, however, is of the less consequence, since the most valuable, as being the most original, part of Paris's work is yet to come, and Mr. Luard has himself, therefore, deferred his general estimate of its character and importance. At the same time the additions of Paris, both to the anonymous compiler and to Wendover, in the period here included are neither few nor uninteresting; and towards the end especially—as, for instance, the graphic account of the proceedings and demeanour of John in the eventful year of Magna Charta—they have all the authority of contemporary history. As regards the great Charta itself, Mr. Luard calls attention

to a curious fact—that the revision of it given by Paris under the year 1215 is in reality a combination or “piece of patchwork” between the Charter of John and that of Henry III., besides actually containing matter which does not occur in either. The same is the case with Wendover’s version, which is not altogether the same as that of Paris. A more striking instance of the licence claimed by mediæval historians in the treatment even of formal documents it would be difficult to find.

GEORGE F. WARNER.

NEW NOVELS.

Our Fräulein; an Anglo-Teuton Story. By W. H. Watts. Two Vols. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1875.)

Sojourners Together. By Frank Frankfort Moore. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1875.)

Sherborne, or the House at the Four Ways. By Edward Heneage Dering. Three Vols. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1875.)

Anderida; or, the Briton and the Saxon. A.D. CCCXLI. Three Vols. (London: Bickers & Son, 1875.)

The Story of Sevenoaks. By Dr. J. G. Holland. (London: F. Warne & Co., 1876.)

THERE is one particular form of the “penny awful” which is said to be more actively mischievous than any other. It is that to which works like the *Boy Pirate*, *Boy Detective*, and so forth, belong, wherein lads barely in their teens go through all kinds of adventures, in which they invariably get the better, physically and morally, of all the strength and craft of their elders whom they encounter. The result of this wholesome and credible teaching, greedily swallowed by inexperienced youngsters with a strong distaste for regular work, is that they attempt to carry out its lessons into practice, and end by finding the arm of the policeman and the brain of the magistrate more than a match for their undeveloped and misdirected powers of mind and body. Any spread of the contagion by the adaptation of books written on the same principle to another sex and class is much to be deprecated, and *Our Fräulein* comes perilously near being something of the sort. For the gist of the story is that a German military doctor, of strong Anglomaniacal tendencies, requests a friend, Herr Delbrück, Principal and Professor in the University of Eisenberg, to receive as lady-housekeeper and governess in his disorderly and unmistressed North-German household a young English orphan lady, Clarice Mansel, the daughter of a ruined squire, who had managed her father’s domestic affairs with skill and tact until his death. The request is granted, and the young lady soon begins the task of reform. She wins over the old housekeeper whom she has come to displace, the housemaid whose tasks she has to reassign and increase, and all the servant-men about the establishment. She makes paragon pupils of the Professor’s two nieces; cleans and furbishes up every room in the house, including at last the master’s own

study and bedroom; regulates the orchard and dairy till she clears all the household expenses by the sale of fruit and butter at market; causes the Electress to become her fast friend by some of this butter applied to her Highness’s palate, and some other butter not less charmingly administered to her vanity; starts a school for all the waifs and strays whose education had been neglected—in North Germany, be it noted—secures the conviction of a gang of smugglers, and delivers the Professor by her evidence from being condemned on a charge of high treason at a State trial; of course marrying him at last, and thereby ending her certainly dubious position as the only lady in the house of an unmarried man. Those who have read the sketches of “German Home Life” which have lately appeared in *Fraser’s Magazine*, and Mr. Julian Hawthorne’s Saxon experiences in the *Contemporary Review*, will be able to conjecture the probability of that part of the narrative which depicts the German servants as being broken in with such ease and rapidity to English ways, even if they have had no personal experience of similar efforts of their own when residing in Scotland and Ireland. And the marvel becomes even more inexplicable if Miss Clarice Mansel’s school-learned German were not better than that of Mr. Watts, who, though he makes a fine linguistic burst by calling his preface *IPOAETHOMENA* (sic), supplies us with Teutonic vocables at discretion of the following character: *Gützbesitzer, ein-spanner, dochter* (twenty times at least), *Platte-Deuteh, der müttler, der Landhaus, frau, fräuleinen, spracht-zimmer*, sprinkled with French which is not very much better. It is appalling to think of what may happen if this dangerous book should fall into the hands of the numerous English young ladies who go governessing in Germany. It would be bringing fire and tow together, and, besides countless rows in private households, might make an enterprising young person who attempted to get at State documents in Berlin through the aid of the hereditary princelet of a dependent territory go far towards bringing about a rupture between Germany and England, in feeling if not in diplomacy, which is worse than anything the penny awfals have done yet.

Sojourners Together is a slight novelette, treating of courtship and marriage springing out of companionship at an Alpine hotel. The structure of the story is too frail to demand much attention, but one or two of the characters are cleverly sketched, and the heroine, though extremely sentimental, is yet not made silly. We are shown, with some skill, that her romantic fancies are simply the remains of her recent school-girl experience, and are not incompatible with practical tact in social matters. It is a pleasant little book to while away an hour with, and has a shrewd turn of expression here and there to flavour the salad of its *table d’hôte*.

Sherborne is not what might be looked for from its appearance as a three-volume novel issued by the publishers of the *Cornhill Magazine*. It is a Roman Catholic story, designed for controversial purposes, in which all the good characters are either hereditary Roman Catholics or ardent ‘Verts,

all the middling characters are converted in the course of the story and so become good, and all the insignificant and bad ones are either Italian Freemasons or members of the Established Church of England, and remain so. The author has laboured diligently to write a book which should not be merely clever, but brilliant and philosophical, and has the reward of a conscience which must have approved such excellent intentions. The story, which runs entirely on the return of an inheritance to the right heir after having been legally diverted in the last century through the action of the penal laws, is worked out by the antiquated machinery of a document discovered in a secret hiding-place, a device which charms Mr. Dering so much that he employs it twice, with a different result from each find. Although the date of his narrative includes the Italian entry into Rome in 1870, he has much to say about the long-continued action of the penal laws, which would have been appropriate enough had he cast the drama into the period before the Emancipation Act of 1829, like Mr. Disraeli in *Henrietta Temple*. It is hardly reasonable to grumble now, seeing that the last legal fetters went a generation and a half back; and it is not inexpedient to remind Mr. Dering that it is but the other day that Cardinal Simeoni, Papal Nuncio at Madrid, was instructed to insist on the strict maintenance of the Concordat, which forbids toleration in Spain, while the young gentleman who is pleased to call himself Charles VII. has undertaken to visit Nonconformity with severe penalties laid down in his Penal Code, so soon as he shall be able to enforce it. As to the complaint that English constituencies will not elect Roman Catholic representatives to Parliament, while making no difficulty about Unitarians, Jews, and others much further removed from the Established Church, Mr. Dering has only to disprove the notion that his Church is a political system inconsistent with that of Great Britain, and he will do away with this disability at once. If the Jews still had a Patriarch at Tiberias, and he occasionally required his co-religionists to rig the market on every European exchange to promote exclusively Mosaic ends, Baron Rothschild would never have sat for the City of London. Two things, however, Mr. Dering has done. Quite unintentionally and unwittingly, he has shown the marvellous cleverness of Mr. Disraeli’s *Lothair*, by making his wooden puppets say and do very much what Lady St. Julians and Clare Arundel say and do in that book. And he has depicted as the three ‘Verts of the story a young man who failed, first in the army and afterwards in Australia, from want of faculty for getting on; a half-crazy woman who had lived by herself for half a century; and a loafing squire in love with two Roman Catholic ladies, neither of whom would marry a Protestant: all which may be a very correct description of the class of people from whom ‘Verts are now obtainable, but certainly not a very flattering one. Two things he has not done, and therein has not been true to the realities of the society he has undertaken to sketch. He has left the clergy entirely in the back ground of all the proselytising, for the one who appears as

a subordinate character has almost nothing to do in the story; and not one of his Papal Zouaves has a word to say about Infallibility, nor his devout young ladies about the moral and sanitary virtues of Lourdes water—a silence which is simply incredible in circles where Liberal Catholicism is, as in Mr. Dering's eyes, the one unpardonable sin. His competence in polemics may be gauged from his objection to the phrase "Roman Catholic" as applied to his communion, for he denounces the former of the two adjectives as either superfluous or misleading; in obvious ignorance that "Roman Catholic" is the formal and official title adopted by the Latin Church itself in all its most authoritative documents, and notably in the Tridentine Creed of Pope Pius IV.

Anderida is a bold and clever attempt to reconstruct a period of which singularly little is known—that of the forcible settlement of our English forefathers in Britain fourteen centuries ago. The British ruin was too complete, the English barbarism too complete also, for any trustworthy details to have been preserved by either side. A few broad outlines meet us in the Saxon Chronicle, a few legendary hints in Welsh englynys and ballads, and of these the author of *Anderida* has availed himself, not forgetting to turn for aid to Kemble, Guest, and Lappenberg. The story, which is skilfully constructed, lies within a period of fifty days, and moves with more spirit and vivacity than would be looked for under the mass of antiquarian details with which it is necessarily clothed. The author, obviously a practised penman, has not troubled himself to invent an impossible dialect for his characters, but makes them speak as much nineteenth-century English as is consistent with their surroundings. More versed in philology than Canon Kingsley, he presents to us a real Smith, and not a spurious Smid, among the invaders. The descriptions of battles and sieges bespeak one who has studied Icelandic sagas, which supply the details omitted by the terse entries of the Saxon Chronicle, and they add much to the *verve* of the book. It is impossible to give stories of so distant a date, whose scene is cast amid an unfamiliar and inferior civilisation, the personal interest which attaches to a brilliant psychological novel of the present day, but *Anderida* grapples boldly and not unsuccessfully with a very difficult problem, and shows that a soil hitherto deemed barren is not unsuitable for bearing gold.

The Story of Sevenoaks is an American, not a Kentish, tale, written somewhat in the style of Mr. Bayard Taylor, and not without a certain rough vigour and humour. It discloses early the fact that in the crowded Eastern States paupers, especially lunatic paupers, are much worse treated than in England, being literally sold by auction to the person who will board and lodge them for the smallest sum per head to be raised by the ratepayers. Dr. Holland has not the literary power of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, but as a shrewd American man he sees and records other aspects of New England life besides those which Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, and Miss Alcott have made familiar to English readers, so that *Sevenoaks* very con-

veniently supplements their stories, which need a masculine bass to steady their soprano and treble.

R. F. LITLEDAL.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Shakespeare's Plutarch. Being a Selection from the Lives in North's Plutarch, which illustrate Shakespeare's Plays. Edited with a preface, notes, index of names, and glossarial index, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. (Macmillan.) When Mr. Collier published his *Shakespeare's Library* thirty-five years ago, and Mr. Hazlitt lately reprinted it, neither editor thought it necessary to give either the Lives from Plutarch upon which Shakespeare's classical plays were founded, or the Chronicles upon which the strictly historical plays were built. The former of these omissions has been supplied by Mr. Skeat with an editorial care which far surpasses that of either of the other two. If some one equally accurate and methodical would undertake a similar selection from the English Chronicles to illustrate the historical plays, and would give as good notes and as full indexes as Mr. Skeat gives us, our apparatus for studying Shakespeare's originals would be nearly complete. We can only suggest one alteration: namely, that, instead of the marginal summaries, the contents of the page should be indicated by the head-line, and the margin used for continuous reference to the corresponding act, scene, and line in the play, with indications either in the margin or in the notes of any alteration or of addition to the Chronicles, with references, where possible, to the authorities or reasons for such changes. This would be a laborious undertaking, but it is one in which the labour might easily be distributed among many workers. No editorial care, however, will ever make any other section of *Shakespeare's Library* such charming reading as Plutarch's Lives in North's racy and vigorous, if not always strictly accurate, version. A mechanical innovation has been introduced by Mr. Skeat, which saves much trouble in counting the lines; the marginal notes are numbered, and the index refers not only to the page, but to the marginal number. In his preface, where he calls attention to this, he adds:—

"I beg leave here to express the hope that glossarists will always in future give the references. The explanations of the words are comparatively of small value, for they may be wrong; but the reference is a fact, and often by supplying the context, is more satisfactory than any explanation. Besides which, such references often enable a reader to recover a passage. . . . Glossaries without references are nearly worthless."

Pilgrimages to Saint Mary of Walsingham, and Saint Thomas of Canterbury; with the Colloquy on Rash Vows. By Desiderius Erasmus. Translated by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A. Second Edition. (Murray.) The first edition of this work was published more than a quarter of a century ago. It attracted considerable attention on its appearance, as few beside antiquaries and historical students were then aware that Erasmus had left us such graphic pictures of one side of the religious life of our forefathers. Translations, it is true, existed of these and the other *Colloquies*, but they were old, in awkward English, and consequently had been forgotten by the multitude. Mr. Nichols did his work well. Nothing better could reasonably be hoped for in the way of translation, and the notes were numerous, scholarlike, and to the point. The second edition is not a mere reprint. As far as we can make out, after a pretty close comparison of the two books, all that was in the first edition is to be found in the second: but much valuable matter has been added. In 1849 it seemed unlikely that England would ever witness another pilgrimage for the sake of religion. This, with other mediaeval customs, has, however, been revived of late, and we have therefore, most appropriately, a portion of the Introduction devoted to accounts, extracted

from the *Times*, of the recent pilgrimages to Pontigny, Paray-le-Monial, and Oostacher. These descriptions are well written and have considerable historical and social interest. It is well that they should be rescued from the *Hades* of a newspaper-file and preserved where they will be handy of reference. The note (p. 80) on the sacred oil which was believed to flow from the mortal remains of certain saints has been much corrected and enlarged. The names of Saints Anthony, Hugh, Nicholas, and Demetrius, however, might have been added to those given whose relics were supposed to have this property. Sir John Mandeville, in his picturesque account of the sepulchre of Saint Katherine on Mount Sinai, tells us that when the priest who showed the relics touched them with a silver instrument, "ther gothe out a lytylle oyle, as though it were a maner swetyng." The oil of Saint Katherine was, after the true cross, probably the most widely distributed relic in existence. Scarcely a church treasury was to be found where it was not exhibited. The tomb of Saint Katherine, with the holy oil welling from it, formed sometimes a subject for embroidery on ecclesiastical vestments. Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, gave a cope with this device worked thereon to Lincoln Cathedral. A note tells us that the editor is not aware that there is any English translation of the *Colloquies* later than that of Bailey. This is correct, as to the whole book; but a version of certain select *Colloquies* was made by John Clarke, and published at Gloucester in 1789. We believe also that a few of them have been rendered into English in very recent days by the Rev. Edward Clarke Lowe.

Introduction to Practical Farming for the Use of Schools. By T. Baldwin. (Macmillan.) Mr. Baldwin knows how to present in an acceptable form an immense number of facts and much sound advice concerning the material and work of the farm. His little book on *Irish Farming* published last year and the work which is now before us prove, however, on careful examination, to be virtually identical. Some transpositions of the contents of a few chapters have been made, a few expressions have been altered, and a few paragraphs added, but the two small volumes are so far the same as to serve indiscriminately the useful purpose of teaching the elements of practical farming, so far as they can be taught by a book. There are concise accounts in Mr. Baldwin's *Introduction to Farming* of manures, crops, live-stock, the dairy, the poultry-yard, cottage-gardening, and farm-management. His suggestions are based on actual experience, and are explained in forcible language. Were the teachers of our elementary schools to take up this little volume, which costs but a single shilling, and to give lessons to their pupils from its several chapters, the prevalent ignorance of farming processes and products might some day give place to an intelligent interest in such matters. The present, like all books small and large on farming, is not without defects of scope and language. To quote the expressive phrase of Emerson, "Man on the Farm" is here merely "the Farmer." And we cannot approve of the forced meanings given to some words, common though such usage may be in agricultural circles. Why should clovers and Italian rye-grasses be called "artificial grasses"? Why should Peruvian guano be called an "artificial manure"? An eminent agricultural writer like Mr. Baldwin, who sees the inappropriateness of such an employment of a word, might have introduced some more suitable term. Although in the main passable, the chemistry of this *Introduction* is a little behind the day, and in a few places decidedly requires revision.

The Principles of Book-Keeping by Double-Entry, by Henry Manly (Stanford), begins by cautioning the student that the book is not intended to supersede the aid of a master; and the author might have added, that even with a master book-keeping is an art scarcely to be attained

except practically. However that may be, the book seems carefully compiled and likely to prove very useful and instructive to those who have already had some initiation into book-keeping in an office.

Book-Keeping, by John Dalziel Maclean (W. Collins, Sons & Co.), is more modest in its object, having a great portion of its contents devoted to single entry, which is adapted to the shop rather than to the merchant's office. It enters minutely into detail, and the exercises appear to be well calculated to advance the pupil as far as possible before entering upon the care of a set of books.

Cædmon, the first English Poet. By Robert Spence Watson. (Longmans.) Mr. Watson is a leading member of the Society of Friends, and a solicitor, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He is honourably known as a helper of all good works there, and as one who left business and profit to carry alms and comfort to suffering French villagers in the last German war. He also for many years gave the evenings of busy days to teach, in his northern town, English language and literature to working folk. The present little book contains his lectures on Cædmon, our first religious poet, who, in the seventh century, was bidden from heaven to "sing the beginning of created beings," and who, learning all of the Bible story that he could by hearing, "as a clean animal, ruminating, turned (it) into the sweetest verse." After a short account of the political and intellectual state of Europe in the seventh century, Mr. Watson gives a spirited sketch of the old Maker's poem, bringing out its touches of contemporary life, and flavouring them with hits at modern abuses; as on the Anglo-Saxon virtue of gold-giving in chiefs, he says:—"Nepotism was esteemed a virtue then, although nowadays only spiritual leaders and judges are permitted to look upon it as such, and to practise it freely." He then gives a short account of the Ruthwell Cross, and the Vercelli MS. "Dream of the Holy Rood," which is undoubtedly Cynewulf's, though Mr. Haigh, and Professor Stephens, &c., have somewhat confused Mr. Watson's mind about it, as others have puzzled it much about *Beowulf*, which is clearly earlier than Cædmon. A short account of the noble Anglo-Saxon fragment of Judith—not, of course, Cædmon's—follows: and the book is ended by a chapter showing that England had the earliest vernacular literature in Europe in its fine seventh century Anglo-Saxon school. German and French literature date from the ninth century; Norse, Provençal, and S. Italian from the eleventh; N. Italian and Spanish from the twelfth. Mr. Watson's little book is most pleasant reading, and full of interesting matter. We hope it may circulate widely, and thus help to clear off a little of that contemptible ignorance of their early literature which prevails among English men and women. We should like to have a similar book on Cædmon's greater successor, Cynewulf, from the pen of Mr. Henry Sweet.

A Sermon of Reformation, preached July 27, 1643. By Thomas Fuller, D.D. Edited by John Eglington Bailey. (Pickering.) This sermon is put forth as a specimen of an edition of *Fuller's Collected Sermons* which Mr. Bailey, the author of the *Life of Fuller*, is preparing. It is a fair specimen of Fuller's style. Though it does not contain any of his best sayings, it is from beginning to end saturated with lively and quaint fancy. Fuller was not a time-server in the mean sense of that word, but he waited upon and watched the times. He lived when all religious opinion, within the limits of Trinitarian orthodoxy, and all political opinions whatsoever were fiercely called in question, and he chose rather to endeavour to still the tempest than to swell its volume by his breath. The elemental war had become too bitter for any number of good men such as he was to have a chance of being heard to any good purpose until the contending forces had spent themselves. Wide-minded for his age, he

seems narrow in ours; but the attraction in this and all his other writings is not in the ideas but in the humorous garb in which they are clothed. A good edition of Fuller's sermons has long been wanted. Is Mr. Bailey quite sure that he has found them all? The British Museum contains an unmatched collection of the pamphlet literature of his time. The Bodleian, too, is rich in that department; but the two collections taken together by no means furnish a complete set of the tracts printed between 1640 and the fire of London.

EDITOR.

NOTES AND NEWS.

It is stated that the title of Mr. William Black's new novel, which will begin in the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, is *Madcap Violet*. The scene is laid partly in London and partly in the Highlands.

We understand that the new novel *Owen Gwynne's Great Work*, lately published by Messrs. Macmillan, is by Lady Augusta Noel, daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, and author of several popular works.

MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON is preparing a collected edition of some of his earlier papers which have hitherto lain buried in the files of the *Dial*, and other papers now forgotten and difficult to obtain. He has re-written them to a large extent.

DR. PISCHEL, who has lately been appointed Professor of Sanskrit at Kiel, has published a pamphlet which is making a sensation in Germany. The title is *The Recensions of Sakuntalâ*. We learn from the pamphlet that Dr. Pischel has collected twenty-one MSS. of *Sakuntalâ*, and wishes to bring out a new edition of that classical play.

We learn from America that the sale of Miss Alcott's charming story, *Little Women*, has reached the almost incredible number of a million copies. This is an immense sale, even for the United States, where cheapness and perfectly organised means of distribution have brought good books within the reach of "the people" much more completely than is the case in our own country. Miss Alcott is the daughter of Mr. A. B. Alcott, of Concord, Massachusetts, the intimate friend of Emerson, and one of the founders of the New England School of Transcendentalists.

THE Report of the Commission appointed by the National Assembly of France to enquire into the condition and wages of the French labouring classes, and the relations between masters and workmen, has been published. It contains facts and statistics of considerable importance and utility, but its reasoning and conclusions can hardly be said to add much to its value. It urges, however, with truth that the wide distribution of landed property places the working-classes in France, and the questions relating to them, on a different footing from that which they occupy in England.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR is making elaborate studies for a combined biography of Goethe and Schiller, which will occupy several volumes, and will not be ready for some years to come.

A VALUABLE addition to the history of the English drama is in preparation under the name of *An Old Woman's Gossip*, by Fanny Kemble. Mrs. Kemble, who is at present living near Philadelphia, has already published four numbers of this record of her life in the *Atlantic Monthly Review*. It is understood that she offered the MS. at first to a well-known English magazine, the managers of which let it slip through their fingers, and only when it had been already accepted in Boston found out what a mistake they had made. The book when finished (in about a year) will be published by Messrs. Hurd and Houghton.

MR. SAMUEL CLEMENS (Mark Twain) proposes to visit England next spring.

THE Zoological Station on the Island of Penikese, established by the late Professor Agassiz, has had to be given up. The endowment provided by Mr. Anderson, a cigar-merchant of New York, proved to be insufficient to meet the high cost of living in this cheerless and barren spot; and the persons who came to avail themselves of the advantages of the establishment were found to be quite incompetent to conduct researches into the marine life around them. The place got into debt, and the liberal founder was not disposed to be forthcoming with any considerable addition to his original donation; so that, after some mutual recriminations, the concern was wound up, Mr. Alexander Agassiz paying the deficit out of his own pocket. Mr. Agassiz has recently built himself a house at the southern extremity of Newport, Rhode Island, and proposes to invite one or more students to join him from time to time in investigating the marine animals which the tide brings in great multitudes almost up to his door.

THE *Journal des Economistes* for November contains a spirited and interesting reply by M. Emile de Laveleye to M. Baudrillard's attack on his exposition of the new tendencies of political economy in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of July 15.

THE question that interested the quidnuncs of the metropolis some years ago—Shall Cromwell have a statue?—has been answered in the affirmative in Manchester. Mrs. Abel Heywood has presented to that city a bronze statue of the Protector. It has been modelled by Mr. Noble, is nine feet high, weighs upwards of a ton, and has cost about 1,600*l*. The pedestal is a solid block of rough hewn granite. Cromwell is represented in the military costume of the period, and the features are dignified and expressive.

THE Chaucer Society's Concordance to Chaucer's Works makes way. Miss Frances Lord, now in charge of the High School for Girls at Oxford, has just sent in her part of the work, "The Man of Law's Tale," begun in the spring of 1872. Mr. Henry Hicks Gibbs is two-thirds through his "Prologue and Knight's Tale." All the other Tales and the few Minor Poems yet published in Parallel Texts by the Society are in hand, except the "Second Nun's and Canon's Yeoman's Tales," which Mr. Adamson, of Hadlow, has thrown up. Another volunteer is wanted for them.

THE Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have undertaken to publish a critical edition of the ancient Latin version of Theodore of Mopsuestia's Commentary on the shorter Epistles of St. Paul. The text will be based upon a collation of the Amiens MS. used by J. B. Pitra in preparing the *Spicilegium Solesmense*, t. I., and a MS. lately detected among the Harleian collection at the British Museum. Together with the version it is proposed to exhibit such fragments of the Greek commentary as can be collected from Cramer's *Catena* and from other sources. The work will be edited by H. B. Swete, B.D., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College.

AMONG Messrs. Hatchards' announcements we notice *Military Caricatures, A to Z*, by Surgeon-Major Scanlan; *Blameless Knights; or, Lützen and La Vendée*, by Viscountess Enfield; and *Christ, the Greatest of Miracles*, by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

MR. SERJEANT COX, the President of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, will publish early in January the first volume of a treatise on *The Mechanism of Man*, as composed of Body, Mind, and Soul; being a reproduction, rewritten, re-arranged, and greatly extended of his book on the question "What am I?" which has been for some months out of print.

WITH the January number of the *Argonaut*, edited by Mr. George Gladstone, a new series will commence, and a special department will be opened for the purpose of giving monthly *résumés* of the advance of science. Among the contributors for the new year will be:—Mr. John Macgregor, Dr. John Rae, Professor Gladstone, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, B.A., Sir Charles Reed, and others.

MESSRS. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON, of Leicester Square, will offer for sale in December some original MSS. of Hans Christian Andersen, including the complete tales of "My Life's Adventures," "The Rags," "The Potatoes," "The Most Impossible," "The Bishop of Børgland and his Friend," &c., together with Gertner's original crayon-drawings of portraits of H. C. Andersen and Albert Thorwaldsen, signed by themselves.

THE annual income of the Bodleian Library, we learn from the recently published accounts, is quite inadequate to meet the expenditure. There is already a considerable deficit, which must increase year by year, the salaries of the officials having been permanently augmented, while no addition has been made to the fund at the disposal of the Curators. Some time back it was reported by the Curators to the authorities that an additional sum of 2,000*l.* per annum should be allowed.

IN a notice of the poem entitled *Jonas Fisher*, a Scotch daily newspaper attributes the authorship to Mr. Robert Buchanan in these words:—"If Robert Buchanan, who has sought such disguises before, has not written it, I don't know who has." We are requested to state that Mr. Robert Buchanan is not the writer, but that *Jonas Fisher* is by an author who has not before been known as a writer of verse.

WE hear that Miss Helen Mathers is the author of the novel entitled *Comin' thro' the Rye*.

MR. D. BIKÉLAS has translated into Modern Greek three of Shakspeare's Tragedies. The translations are now in the press, and will be published early next year at Athens.

WE remind Shakspeare readers in search of illustrations for his words that Sir Richard Warner's *Shakspeare Glossary*, in forty volumes, is in the British Museum, Additional Manuscripts, 10,472-10,511, in alphabetical order. Though a cursory glance through the first half dozen volumes does not show much worth seeing, yet the collection may be worth turning to on an emergency. Mr. Dyce's collection at the South Kensington Museum is likely to yield more.

WE are glad to hear that Mr. Bond and the officers of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum have not only through the press their Catalogue of the Additional Manuscripts from 1854 to 1860, but that the rest of the work up to 1875 is well in hand. The department has thus not only given its students the great boon of a classified catalogue of its MSS., but will soon have worked off all the old arrears and done its ordinary work besides. Great credit is due to Mr. Bond and his staff.

SOME of the members of the Palaeographical Society, who are also working at English manuscripts of from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, have from time to time asked that the Society would, for the sake of practical use, publish fac-similes of some late dated English manuscripts to serve as standards of reference in cases of editorial puzzlement. We are informed that in the next part of the Society's publications two fac-similes of eleventh and twelfth century English work will appear. But, as the great bulk of the English MSS. now printed are of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we plead with the Palaeographical Society's Committee for dated specimens of those times. Uncials and the like are, of course, pleasant to the antiquarian mind, but our working English editors may fairly claim regard in every number of the Society's issues.

MR. R. E. FRANCILLON, author of *Olympia, A Dog and His Shadow*, &c., is the author of "Streaked with Gold," the Christmas number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but the section called "Pedlar Solomon's Pocket-Book," written to harmonise with Mr. Francillon's plot, is by Mr. W. Senior ("Red Spinner"). The poem called "The Changeling: A Legend of the Moonlight," which comes in as an episode, and forms no part of the main story, is by Robert Buchanan.

MR. WHITAKER, whose *Almanack* is so widely known, is about to publish a weekly penny journal for popular reading. By providing a really interesting magazine, in which high-class fiction will form a considerable portion, and by making the work thoroughly attractive, he hopes in some measure to counteract the influence now unhappily exercised by criminal and unwholesome literature, especially upon young readers.

SWITZERLAND has lost two eminent men within the last few days, Dr. J. J. Blumer, of Glarus, and Dr. Casimir Pflyffer, of Luzern. Both were jurists and active politicians, and contributors to the historical literature of their nation. Dr. Blumer, who was born in 1819, studied jurisprudence at Zürich, Bonn, and Berlin, and on his return to his native canton, where he threw himself eagerly into politics, was chosen a member of the Landrath, and later became President of the cantonal Civil-gericht and of the Appellationshof, situations which he held until the beginning of this year. Last autumn he was appointed with the universal consent of all parties to the Presidency of the new Gerichtshof for the whole Confederation organised under the reformed Bundesverfassung of 1874. His judgment on questions of State law was valued beyond the Swiss boundary. His literary activity, which began as soon as he returned to his native land, kept pace with his political. Its first fruit was a treatise entitled *Das Thal Glarus unter Säckingen und Oesterreich*; this was followed later by his *Staats- und Rechtsgeschichte der Schweizerischen Demokratie*. In 1860 appeared his *Handbuch des Schweizerischen Staatsrechtes*. His most strictly literary writings were related in great degree to his professional. He was one of the founders of the Historische Verein of Glarus, whose *Jahrbuch* is among the best of the many excellent historical and antiquarian serials of the Swiss Confederacy. The "Urkundenbuch" of the Society's journal was edited by Dr. Blumer, and its transcripts and historical elucidations are reckoned by Swiss scholars as the best work done among them in this province. Blumer described himself as a Conservative by family and by nature, but his historical studies of the past, and the contemporary struggles of the Sonderbund period, made him an eager Liberal. He took a lively and active part in the recent work of the revision of the Federal Constitution. Dr. Pflyffer was born in Rome, in the year 1794, where his father was a captain of the Pope's Swiss Guard. He was sent as student of Jurisprudence to the universities of Heidelberg and Tübingen, and after the completion of his course worked as an advocate in his ancestral canton of Luzern. He and his brother Edward, the sons of the Papal soldier, were both of them strongly pronounced Liberals, and, indeed, the founders of the Liberal reaction in the canton of Luzern. The old man greeted warmly the appearance of the new Bundesverfassung. He held for several years the Presidency of the Luzerner Obergericht, and was for some time a member of the Swiss Nationalrath. His principal literary work was historical, *Geschichte des Kantons Luzerns*. It is a significant fact that the Swiss historical students are in almost all cases active politicians, and divide their time between making history and writing it. He was a link between the past and present generations of Swiss patriots and authors. We recollect the admiration and affection with which he is spoken of in the autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke, to whose *Schweizerboten* he contributed

in the most dangerous days of press censorship. Dr. Pflyffer was buried at Luzern on the 15th of this month. Dr. Blumer's funeral took place at Glarus on the same day. His body was followed to the grave by a galaxy of Swiss political and literary notables, and an address was delivered by the most august official person in the confederacy, the Bundespräsident Scherer.

IN accordance with the will of Professor Jungken, of Berlin, his collection of scientific works and all his surgical instruments have been presented by his widow to the Augusta hospital. A still more important bequest is reported from Leipzig, where the Royal Saxon Academy of Sciences has received a donation from the late Dr. Hermann Härtel of 30,000 marks, to be expended by them in helping German students to prosecute scientific enquiries.

THE University of Göttingen has lost an able teacher by the death of Dr. Ludwig Duncker, Professor of Theology, and the author of several valuable contributions to patristic literature, one of the best of which is his *Life of Irenaeus*.

THE death is also announced at Rome of Dr. Albert Dressel, for many years correspondent of the leading German papers. As a critical scholar and Latinist, Dr. Dressel early acquired a distinguished reputation by his able editions of some of the Epistles, of a work of the Presbyter Epiphanius, Selections from the Archives in the Vatican, the letters of Clemens Romanus and the poems of Aurelius Prudentius, beside numerous lesser treatises on historical and archaeological questions.

THE sale of the remaining portion of the choice library of John Dunn Gardner, Esq., the chief part of which was sold in 1854, took place at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's on the 18th instant, and extraordinary prices were obtained. The *New Testament*, in Latin and English, translated by Myles Coverdale, black letter, printed in Paris, in 1538, by Regnault, at the expense of Bishop Bonner, but seized and destroyed by the Inquisition, 160*l.*, the highest price hitherto obtained for a copy being 82*l.*; *The Whole Bible*, translated by Myles Coverdale, with Hester's title-page of 1550, black letter, printed at Zürich by Christopher Froschauer, the preliminary leaves being added by Hester, 63*l.*; *New Testament*, both Latine and Englishe, by Myles Coverdale, black letter, J. Nicolson, 1538, 71*l.*; *New Testament*, corrected by Willyam Tyndale, black letter, 1536, supposed to have been printed by Vorsterman at Antwerp, 56*l.* 10*s.*; *Bible*, black letter, 1549, printed by Daye and Seres, 55*l.*; *Boke of Common Prayer*, First Edition of King Edward VI.'s Second Book, 1552, black letter, Whytchurche, 35*l.*; *Henricus VIII. de vera identitate regiae potestatis et ecclesiasticæ*, 1538, 16*l.* 5*s.*; *Parrot, Laquei ridiculosi*, or Springes for Woodcocks, 1613, 13*l.*; *Patten, Expedition into Scotlande*, black letter, 1548, 40*l.* 10*s.*, nearly double the price the Roxburghe copy sold for; *Prynne in Englysshe*, after the use of Sarum, 1555, usually cited as Queen Mary's book, and for the destruction of which penal orders were issued by Queen Elizabeth and James I., 29*l.*; *Aesopi vita per Maximum Planidem et Fabulae*, Greek and Latin, first edition, printed at Milan circa 1480, 38*l.* 10*s.*; *Churchyardes Chippe*, 1578, and *Challenge*, 1593, black letter, 46*l.* 10*s.*; Cranmer, Archbishop, *Defence of the Doctrine of the Sacrament*, black letter, Wolfe, 1550, 9*l.* 5*s.*; *Forbes' Carolles, Songs, and Fancies*, 1682, 20*l.* 5*s.*; *Mistère de la Passion nostre seigneur Jesu crist*, black letter, 25*l.* 10*s.*; *Prynne, Collection of Records*, all but twenty-five copies burnt in the great Fire of London, 1641; *Roderique de Zamora, Myrouer de la Vie Humaine*, Lyon, 1482, 64*l.* The 286 lots sold for 1,982*l.*

WE have received *The Life and Times of Henry Cooke, D.D., LL.D.*, by Professor J. L. Porter, people's edition (Belfast: Mullan); *Climate and Phthisis*, by John Parkin (Longmans); *The In-*

goldsey Legends, new edition, 3 vols. (Bentley); *Journal of the Lady Beatrix Graham*, by Mrs. Fowler Smith, second edition (Bell); *The Keys of the Creeds*, second edition, revised (Trübner); *Among the Zulus and Amatongas*, by the late David Leslie, second edition (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas); *The History of Protestantism*, by the Rev. J. A. Wylie, Vol. I. (Cassell).

THE following Parliamentary Papers have lately been published:—Reports of H.M.'s Secretaries of Embassy and Legation on Manufactures, Commerce, &c., Part IV. (price 6s. 4d.); the Fifty-third Report of the Commissioners of H.M.'s Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues (price 2s. 6d.); Reports of Inspecting Officers on Railway Accidents during May, June, and July, 1875, with Plates (price 5s.); Eleventh Annual Report of Inspector under Alkali Acts (price 2s. 6d.); Memorandum on the Census of British India of 1871-72 (price 8s. 4d.); Annual Statement of the Navigation and Shipping of the United Kingdom for the Year 1874, Part I. (price 1s. 2d.); Annual Statement of the Trade of the United Kingdom with Foreign Countries and British Possessions for the Year 1874; Copy of Instructions issued by the Board of Trade relative to the Survey of Merchant Ships, with Plans, Diagrams, &c. (price 1s. 6d.); Report of Board of Visitors of Royal Military Academy, Woolwich (price 1d.); Report of the Directors of Convict Prisons on the Discipline and Management of Millbank, Pentonville, and other Prisons, also on the Convict Establishments at Gibraltar and in Western Australia (price 3s. 2d.); Index to Report of Select Committee on Police Superannuation Funds (price 7d.); Commercial Report of H.M.'s Consular Officers in Siam for 1874 (price 2d.).

GLEANINGS FROM THE VENETIAN ARCHIVES (1628-1637).

(Concluded from page 528.)

CORRER was undoubtedly interested in the levy of ship-money. But it was of much less importance to him to know whether Charles had a right to the money than it was to know what he would do with it when he got it. For some time he reports that the general impression was that he would simply keep it without fitting out any fleet at all. As the summer approached, however, it became evident that the fleet would be a reality, and there seemed every probability that it would be used against France. Just at this time Charles was left without his chief adviser by Portland's death, and, if Correr was well informed, he was desirous of appointing Wentworth Lord High Treasurer in the place of the deceased Minister, and only desisted from the intention on the ground that his services in Ireland could not be dispensed with—a statement which is entirely opposed to the notion frequently entertained that Charles was jealous of Wentworth's commanding abilities. It is useless to speculate on the effect which would have been produced at this time by Wentworth's presence in Charles's Council. It is enough to point to a scene which at the same time illustrates the well-known opposition of Laud to Cottington, and throws no favourable light upon the conduct of the latter.

The King wished to enclose a deer-park at Oatlands, and directed the Commissioners of the Treasury to find the money, some 50,000*l.* according to Correr. But—

"The Archbishop of Canterbury, moved by his irascible nature, began to say in great heat that these were not the times to spend so considerable a sum in vanities of building, and that he much wondered at those who fomented such thoughts in the King, as they showed but little application to his service, or little wisdom in understanding it. To this Cottington, who knew well that no one who did not wish to displease the King ought to refuse to give him satisfaction, answered coolly and curtly to the Archbishop,

who had spoken ardently and freely. He said then that they were not met to consult whether the thing proposed to them by His Majesty was good or bad. Whatever it was, as long as it served for his pleasure it was not fitting to put it in consultation. They were only called upon to consider the mode of putting it in execution. He could not believe that the King was so poor that there was no way of satisfying him in a particular pleasure, even if it brought with it a considerable expense. It was himself—knowing that he was not doing wrong—who had advised His Majesty to resolve on this. At these words the Archbishop was the more inflamed, and, blaming and condemning with severe and biting words the proceeding of the other, gave him cause for resentment, so that the meeting broke up with some confusion. The King was much pleased that Cottington had taken his part, and that in order to support him the better he had taken upon himself the fault of having given the advice, a thing which he had not expected, as Cottington had never spoken a word to His Majesty on the subject."

This last touch is highly characteristic of Charles. Correr was of opinion that Cottington's chances of the Treasurer's staff were considerably increased, and was proportionately surprised when, some months after this scene, it was unexpectedly put into Juxon's hands. His description of Juxon, however, was favourable. Just after the appointment had been made, he writes—

"Certainly he is a person of great integrity, not at all passionate for any party, a condition of mind which is considered very praiseworthy, as at the present time it is not usually to be found in any one."

Is it not possible that we have here one at least of Laud's reasons for proposing a clerical treasurer? Self-interest, combined with carelessness for the interests of the State, was an evil which he may have thought rooted in the lay candidates for the office, and one which could only be combated in this way. Correr, however, points out that the nobility were offended by the step, and that many of them ceased to frequent the Court.

It is of course only a little way that a foreigner could in those days see into the workings of public opinion. Not one of the Venetian ambassadors paid any attention whatever to those Church questions which contributed so much to the overthrow of Charles's Government until they were absolutely forced upon their notice; and when they speak of the feeling of the nation, as they often do, they can hardly have meant more than the feeling which prevailed at Court and in London. Still, so far as their evidence goes, it agrees with those indications which we gather from other evidence. After the breach with Parliament in 1629, there was a warm indignation among the commercial classes at the exaction of tonnage and poundage. This, however, died away, and though there was evidently a good deal of latent dissatisfaction it was not till the middle or end of 1634 that it acquired a dangerous character. Then came the ship-money, the forest investigations, and the ecclesiastical despotism of Laud, and the situation in consequence becomes serious. This distinction between the years 1629-34, and the years 1634 onwards, is one which has been lost sight of by historians, but which nevertheless impresses itself clearly upon any one who seriously consults the original records of the time. It is the distinction in short between the Milton of the *Penseroso* and the Milton of the *Lycidas*, the *Comus* standing on the border-ground between the two.

From the first exaction of ship-money onwards, Correr's despatches possess the highest interest. It would be premature to tell here the story which results from them. Every point must be compared with notices gained from other sources of information before that is possible. It is enough to say that the most striking feature in the picture which they present is Charles's isolation, not merely in the nation but in the Court. Even Cottington and Windebank, the representatives of Weston's policy, are no comfort to him. They disobey him to please the agents of the King of Spain, and he openly tells them that he knows

that they are in receipt of Spanish bribes. At the end of 1636 remonstrances showered thickly upon him, and there was even a plan for getting up a general petition to summon Parliament. In 1629 he had had to deal with the opposition of the Commons alone; in 1636 he would have had to deal with the opposition of the Lords as well. Then came what he hoped would prove a diversion. Arundel returned from his hopeless mission to induce the Emperor to admit the claims of the young Electors Palatine. The Court, the Council, the peers loudly asked for war and a Parliament. Charles offered to send his nephew at the head of an armed force to be paid partly by himself, partly by a voluntary subscription. Twelve years before, when trying to induce Parliament to vote money for a Spanish war, he had said, "My father has a long sword; when it is drawn, he will not be able to put it up again." The same policy was now used against himself. If once the King's nephew were engaged in war, men argued, he would be obliged to support him, and without Parliament no support could be given. The chief nobility came round the young Charles Lewis, assuring him that he should not lack for money. Lord Craven, for one, offered to give him 30,000*l.* But they did not relax their outcry for a Parliament.

The state of feeling among the nobility may be gathered from a letter which had been shortly before this written to the King by the Earl of Danby. Danby, Correr informs us in his despatch of December 2 (12), 1636, had been in the King's service from childhood. He had commanded the troops sent to guard the Channel Islands in the French war, had been offered the embassy to France after the peace, and had even been thought of as Falkland's successor in Ireland. He now wrote to represent to Charles—

"what was the feeling of the people, the discontent of the nobility, and the disasters which were everywhere seen to be imminent, on account of the resolution taken to continue in a way before unprecedented and in direct opposition to the fundamental laws of the realm, to load the subjects with impositions and extraordinary payments, without thought for the violation of those privileges which their predecessors in every time, and themselves up to this hour, have freely and most fully enjoyed. He added that, though every one was greatly dissatisfied with the form of the present contribution, there would be no one who would be discontented with the burden itself, if it was obtained in the proper way. He ventured to assure His Majesty that he would have found the greatest readiness in every one of his subjects to join, not only with their substance, but even with their blood in giving him every kind of satisfaction. To disburden his own conscience, and as a mark of his ever-constant and most devoted loyalty, for the sake of the safety and peace of the kingdom, and above all for the sake of the particular greatness of His Majesty, he could not do less than make this representation, being sure that he would thus meet the King's wishes, and supplicating him to reflect and consider how well it would be for him to satisfy his subjects by summoning Parliament, which would undoubtedly be of the greatest service to him."

When the letter was given to the King—

"he was seen, as he read it, suddenly to change colour, and without speaking a word he walked up and down the room, giving the greatest signs of a perturbed and angry mind."

A few weeks later Charles had a still more outspoken remonstrance from the Earl of Warwick, whom he had taken to task as a leader of the Opposition. Warwick's answer was in the following style:—

"That his tenants and farmers being all old men and accustomed to the mildness of the Government of Queen Elizabeth and of King James, His Majesty's father of glorious memory, were unable to bring their minds to consent to such notable prejudices, thinking that their fault would be too great if they died under the stigma of having subscribed at the end of their lives to the destruction of the liberty of the realm, and of having voluntarily taken from their posterity that blessing which had been left to them uncon-

taminated by their ancestors as a sacred treasure. . . . Though he was ready to join not only with his treasure but with his blood to give every satisfaction to His Majesty he did not know how to do violence to the minds of his tenants or to blame their resolution. For he could not call it unjust without giving way to the most dangerous consequences."

In these despatches the importance of the extra-judicial opinion of the Judges in favour of ship-money is well brought out. February, 1637, in which it was delivered, was clearly the high-tide mark of royal authority—

"Ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri
Res Caroli."

Correr shows how for a time men held their breath, crushed for a moment by the unexpected blow. Then one by one they took up the cry again. In the summer of 1637 everything was going against Charles. Not only had the disturbances in Edinburgh broken out, but his apparent triumphs in London were in reality so many points scored against him. The sentences upon Burton, Bastwick and Prynne did him more harm than good, and the popular feeling was far more strengthened by the arguments of Hampden's advocates than it was allayed by the decision of the Judges. A year later, in July, 1638, we have a picture of the effect of all this upon Charles. He had just been informing the Council of the state of the Scotch troubles. The King's mind, writes Secretary Zouche, who had again temporarily assumed the place of the Venetian minister—

"is inwardly afflicted enough, as is shown by his outward gestures, although he forces himself as much as possible to conceal it. The exercise of hunting, which is his chief delight, is now only occasionally used by him; the games of pall-mall and tennis (*di palamaggio, di racchetta*), with which he relieves himself after his labours, are now neglected, and other recreations are in like manner laid aside. His own face testifies manifestly to the feelings of his mind."

Such extracts as these may serve to show the sort of light which these Venetian despatches throw upon the history of the time. If they are not the utterances of men who actually took part in the making of history, they express the views of shrewd and dispassionate observers. Correr never for an instant, it may be observed, gives the slightest credit to the belief that Laud was intentionally working in favour of Rome, and while he recounts pretty fully the doings of Panzani and Con, one can detect a smile of incredulity as to the chances of their success, which goes deeper than the actual words which he employs.

SAMUEL R. GARDNER.

A VISIT TO WALT WHITMAN.

Philadelphia: November 1, 1875.

Camden is reached by a ferry crossing the Delaware River from this city, and, but for being in a different State, might be spoken of as a suburb of Philadelphia. It was there that I hastened to seek my old friend Walt Whitman on the first morning after my arrival here. Stopping at a neat brick residence at the corner of Stevens and West Streets, I learned that he was absent, and perhaps at the printing-office of the *Republic*, where his new book was in the press. In a sense this was an agreeable disappointment, for it showed that, notwithstanding ominous rumours concerning his health, the "good grey poet" was able to move about. But, as I went off to look him up, I could not help remembering how like it was to the first attempt I made, nearly twenty years ago, to find Walt in Brooklyn. Then also I was told I should find him at a printing-office, where he was printing his book. After so many years, in which he has achieved fame, the poet has still to print his books at a job-office, pay for each detail of the work himself, and personally supervise the mechanical execution. No American publisher will issue his works: the booksellers seem to regard him as a fair victim for fraud; no

magazine will accept his MSS., and the orthodox compendia of poetry contain none of his notably American productions—not even Emerson's *Parnassus*. At the printing-office I learned that Whitman had gone across to Philadelphia, and I returned to his place of residence. It is the abode of his brother, with whom Walt boards. I had the privilege of conversing with the wife of this brother, who gave me somewhat happier accounts of the poet than we had received in London, both as to health and other circumstances. Although his health is considerably shattered, from an attack of paralysis which impedes the movement of his lower limbs, he is still able to go over to Philadelphia and enjoy its various fine libraries and reading-rooms. Subsequently I met his brother, and it was a pleasure to know that the afflicted poet was dwelling with a younger brother and a sister-in-law whose intelligence and affection could not fail to supply a happy home for his declining years. The mother to whom Walt was so devoted died some years ago, and he seems to have fixed himself permanently at Camden. Mrs. Whitman was kind enough to let me carry away a proof-copy of Walt's new book, *Two Rivulets*, the perusal of which I much enjoyed. The personal interest of this volume is greater than that of any other which Whitman has written. It is one of two volumes which will appear in a few months, the first being his *Leaves of Grass*. This will be the second volume, and, beside the "Passage to India," "After all not to create only," and one or two other poems with which his close readers are familiar, it contains twelve or fifteen poems never printed before. The book alternates quite abruptly with a streak of prose and a streak of poetry. Among the latter there are copious self-criticisms of the *Leaves of Grass*, the chief aim of which the author affirms to have been moral. The book also contains a very remarkable contribution to the literature of the late Secession struggle, entitled "Memoranda during the War." Some portions of Whitman's Diary, while ministering in the hospitals in Virginia, have already found their way into print, but the whole Diary is here printed, and will be found of surpassing interest. It so happened that when the Federal troops occupied the village of Falmouth on the Rappahannock river, the house owned by my father, where my early life was passed, was used as a hospital, and it was in that house that Walt began his work of helpfulness. In reading the notes relating to a region with which I was so familiar, I was much impressed by Whitman's graphic outlines of the scenery, and his sympathetic appreciation of the spirit of Old Virginia. These notes were pencilled down sometimes on battlefields, and are often very thrilling. In this volume (*Two Rivulets*) there are some touching, though but casual, allusions to his condition of health, and it is pervaded by a feeling that it represents his final work.

On the day after my call, Walt came to see and dine with me, and I had many hours' conversation with him. He is only in his fifty-seventh year, nor does his face present so many indications of age as I was prepared to see. He is about as handsome an old man as I have seen, his white locks parting over a serene and most noble forehead, the eye clear and sweet, the features manly and refined, and the strength of the large head softened by an aspect at once pensive and simple. Time has not in any sense diminished his sanguine democratic hopes and his enthusiasm for America. He spoke most sadly when saying that he could hardly hope to see those of his readers and critics in England from whom he has received so many expressions of esteem and affection, and he was never wearied in asking questions concerning those among them with whom I was acquainted. He evidently feels that his end cannot be very far, but he is perfectly calm in the prospect, which I hope may be brighter than he at present anticipates. I will only add that, even more than when

I first saw him, I have felt that I was in the presence of a man cast in the large mould, both as to heart and brain, and in every sense (as Thoreau describes him) the greatest democrat that lives.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- EXPLORATIONS in Australia; being Mr. John Forrest's Personal Accounts of his Journeys. Low & Co. 16s.
JESSE, Henrice. Memoirs of Celebrated Etonians. Bentley. 28s.
LENNOX, Lord William Pitt. Celebrities I have Known; with Episodes, Political, Social, Sporting, and Theatrical. Hurst & Blackett. 30s.

Theology.

- ARNOLD, Matthew. God and the Bible. Smith, Elder & Co. 9s.
SMITH, G. The Chaldean Account of Genesis. Low & Co. 16s.
ZIEGLER, L. Italafragmente der Paulinischen Briefe nebst Bruchstücken e. vorchristianischen Uebersetzg. d. 1. Johannesbriefes. Marburg: Elwert. 15 M.

History.

- BRESSLAU, H. Actenstücke zur Geschichte Joseph August d. 17. Coss. e. abenteuernden Diplomaten aus dem Ende d. 17. Jahrh. Berlin: Weidmann. 1 M. 60 Pf.
DEL GUDICE, G. Don Arrigo, Infante di Castiglia. Napoli: Detken e Rocholl. L. 8.
DORAN, Dr. "Mann" and Manners at the Court of Florence: 1740-1786. Bentley. 30s.
FUECKLER-MUSKAU, Fürst H. v. Briefwechsel u. Tagebücher. 8. Bd. Berlin: Wedekind & Schwieger. 9 M.
STUBBS, W. The Constitutional History of England, in its Origin and Development. Vol. II. Clarendon Press. 12s.
WESTPHAL, A. Geschichte der Stadt Metz. 1. Thl. Bis zum J. 1552. Metz: Deutsche Buchhandlung. 6 M.

Physical Science and Philosophy, &c.

- BETRÄGE zur Biologie der Pflanzen. Hrag. v. F. Cohn. 3. Hft. Breslau: Korn. 11 M.
HOH, T. Die Physik in der Medicin. Stuttgart: Enke. 14 M. 80 Pf.
LOHSE, O. Beobachtungen angestellt auf der Sternwarte d. Kammerherrn v. Bülow zu Bothkamp. 3. Hft. Leipzig: Engelmann. 10 M.
REINSCH, P. F. Contributiones ad algologiam et fungologiam. Vol. I. Leipzig: Weigel. 60 M.
STEIN, H. v. Geschichte d. Platonismus. 3. Thl. Verhältnisse d. Platonismus zur Philosophie der christlichen Zeiten. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht. 8 M.
STREBEL, H. Beitrag zur Kenntniss der Fauna mexicanischer Land- u. Süßwasser Conchylien. 2. Thl. Hamburg: Friederichsen. 12 M.
THOMPSON, R. E. Social Science. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

Philology.

- ANECDOTA syriaca. Collecti, editi, explicuit J. P. N. Land. Tom. 4. Leiden: Brill.
BENSLY, R. The missing fragment of the Latin translation of the Fourth Book of Ezra. Cambridge: University Press. 10s.
DINDORF, G. Scholia Græca in Homeri Iliadem. Ex codicibus aucta et emendata. Clarendon Press. 24s.
MUELLER, F. Grundriss der Sprachwissenschaft. 1. Bd. 1. Abth. Wien: Hölder. 3 M. 60 Pf.
NEUBAUER, A. The Book of Hebrew Roots. By Abu'l-Walid Marwan ibn Janah. Fasc. II. Clarendon Press. 25s.
PISCHKE, R. Die Recensionen der Sakuntala. Eine Antwort an Herrn Professor Weber. Breslau.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHALDEAN ORIGIN OF THE SABBATH.

Queen's College: Nov. 22, 1875.

It is now some time since first M. Oppert, and then more fully Dr. Schrader (in the *Studien und Kritiken*, 1873), pointed out the Babylonian origin of the week. Seven was a sacred number among the Accadians, and their lunar months were at an early epoch divided into periods of seven days each. The days were dedicated to the sun and moon and five planets, and to the deities who presided over these. The Northern Semites borrowed this division of time, and carried it with them on their migration to the West. In one of the newly-found fragments which recount the Chaldean version of the Creation, the appointment of the stars called "leaders of the week" is expressly mentioned, and the same fragment records how the moon was made "to go forth from the heaven on the 7th day."

Four years ago Mr. George Smith drew attention to the fact that the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th days of the month were termed days of *sulum*, or "rest," on which certain works were forbidden to be done; and that the expression "day of rest" was but the Assyrian translation of an older Accadian equivalent which signified "dies ne-

fastus." Now, a hemerology of the month of the intercalary Elul, lithographed in the fourth volume of the *Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia*, gives what we may call a Saints' Calendar for the month, with notes upon the religious duties required from the king on each day. The memorandum attached to the seventh day I translate as follows:—

"The 7th day, the festival of Merodach and Zirpanitu; a holy day. A Sabbath for the ruler of great nations. Sudden flesh (and) cooked fruit he may not eat. His clothes he may not change. (New) garments he may not put on. Sacrifices he may not offer. The king his chariot may not drive. In royal fashion he may not legislate. A place of assembly for the judge he may not establish. Medicine for his ailments of body he may not apply. To make a measured square it is suitable. During the (ensuing) night, in the presence of Merodach and Istar, the king should erect his altar, make a sacrifice and, lifting up his hand, worship (in) the high place of the god."

The same memorandum is attached to the 14th, 21st, and 28th days of the month, except that the 14th was consecrated to Beltis and Nergal, the 21st to the moon and the sun, and the 28th to Hea and Nergal, whose "rest-day" it is expressly said to be, the word being written in Accadian. On the 21st, moreover, it was "white garments" which might not be put on, and the sacrifice to the gods had to be performed at dawn. The 19th day was also a Sabbath, "the white day" of the goddess Gula. I have explained, in my monograph upon Babylonian Astronomy (in the *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, 1874, p. 207), how this came to be the case.

Even the word *Sabbath* itself was not unknown to the Assyrians. Mr. Boscawen has pointed out to me that it occurs, under the form *Sabbatu*, in W. A. I., ii. 32, 16, where it is explained as "a day of rest for the heart." A. H. SAYCE.

THE SIN-EATER.

November 20, 1875.

Mr. Silvan Evans's ignorance of the superstition of the "Sin-eater" as connected with Wales and the Border counties surprises me the more as he has been for some years editor of the *Cambrian Archaeological Journal*; and during those years, if I mistake not, the second series of that valuable work has been carefully indexed. If he will turn to Ser. II., vol. iii. pp. 330, *seq.*, he will find that at the meeting of the Cambrian Archaeologists at Ludlow in 1852 Mr. Moggridge cited a case of this superstition as having occurred within five years at or near Llandeibie in the hill-country of Carmarthenshire. That which can be pointed to within a generation back may be said, speaking broadly, to "survive" or linger still; and I have only delayed writing these remarks in the hopes of hunting up a paper where, early in the present year, I found a notice of a still later case. Other of your correspondents have relieved me of the necessity of referring to instances of the "Sin-eater" custom cited by Leland, Aubrey, and others, as having occurred between 1686 and 1715 in three or four Herefordshire parishes, in Shropshire, in the villages adjoining Wales, at Llangorsc, near Brecon, and elsewhere in North and South Wales.

I regret that my ignorance of Welsh precludes me from giving Mr. Evans the Welsh equivalent for the term. My article in *Blackwood* pretends to no such knowledge, though I regret, as a Borderer, that my education herein is imperfect.

Should I be able to trace the custom to a still later date than 1848 or 1852, no one will be better pleased than myself to communicate the fact to the ACADEMY.

THE AUTHOR OF A PAPER ON "LEGENDS AND FOLK-LORE OF NORTH WALES" IN "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE" FOR NOVEMBER.

SHAKSPEARE'S RICHARD II.

1 Oppidans Road, Primrose Hill, Nov. 22, 1875.

May I just mention that a facsimile of the deposition of Augustine Phillips, quoted in my letter of last week, is given by Mr. J. O. Phillips in that vast storehouse of information, his folio *Shakespeare*? The document was first discovered by Mr. Collier. The point of my letter was not that it, or the other passage quoted, was altogether unknown, but that their importance had as yet scarcely received general and sufficient recognition.

Also, may I, to avoid misconception, make the last sentence of my letter a little fuller? Let it run: "Is it credible that there were two *Richard II.s* answering to the same description 'in the field' of the Globe?" It would then be clear that the play described in 1611 by Dr. Simon Forman was not forgotten, as indeed it was not.

J. W. HALES.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

The EDITOR will be glad if the Secretaries of Institutions, and other persons concerned, will lend their aid in making this Calendar as complete as possible.

SATURDAY, Nov. 27,	3 p.m.	Physical: "On Stationary Waves," by F. Guthrie; Exhibition of Dr. Kerr's experiments on the influence of electrification on polarised light.
		Crystal Palace Concert.
		Saturday Popular Concert, St. James's Hall.
	3.15 p.m.	Alexandra Palace Concert.
	3.45 p.m.	Royal Botanic.
MONDAY, Nov. 29,	7 p.m.	Actuaries.
	8 p.m.	British Architects: "Notes on Ancient and Modern Egypt," by Professor T. H. Lewis.
		Medical.
		Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture.
		Monday Popular Concert, St. James's Hall.
	8.30 p.m.	Geographical.
TUESDAY, Nov. 30,	4 p.m.	Royal Anniversary.
	8 p.m.	Civil Engineers.
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 1,	7 p.m.	Entomological.
	8 p.m.	Archaeological Association.
		Society of Arts. Geological, Microscopical, Pharmaceutical.
THURSDAY, Dec. 2,	8 p.m.	Linnean. Chemical.
	8.30 p.m.	Antiquaries.
		Psychological: Discussion on Professor Tyndall's article on Materialism.
FRIDAY, Dec. 3,	4 p.m.	Archaeological Institute.
	8 p.m.	Philological: "On Gender-Forms," by Mr. C. B. Cayley.
		Geologists' Association.

SCIENCE.

GERLAND'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO ANTHROPOLOGY.

Anthropologische Beiträge. Von Georg Gerland. Vol. I. (Halle: Lippert'sche Buchhandlung, 1875.)

DR. GERLAND is known to the scientific world as having successfully completed the *Anthropologie der Naturvölker* after the death of Professor Theodor Waitz. He had studied under this eminent anthropologist, and fully entered into his view that minute descriptions of the races of mankind and their social conditions would in time become the materials for a systematic philosophy of human nature. The two treatises in the present volume are attempts towards the working out of such a philosophy. Dr. Gerland starts with a doctrine of evolution and an atomistic-mechanical conception of the universe, all whose operations, up to the highest processes of "soul-life," he believes to be mathematically conceivable, and under favourable circumstances actually calculable. On this side Dr. Gerland brings forward the doctrines of Professor Fechner, the author of the remarkable *Elemente der Psychophysik*,

holding that it is only from such a strictly scientific point of view that we can attain to an ideal, religious, and aesthetic conception of life and the development of the universe. It is not convenient to discuss here the principles of this system of physical pantheism, with its original cosmic organism, whence all beings have been evolved, and its animation of all matter by souls, ranging upwards from the lowest molecule-souls to the all-producing, all-pervading, Soul of the World. Within the next twenty years the public will hear a good deal more of this branch of philosophical speculation. But the proper way to deal with it will be by critically examining the leading works, from the real science of Fechner's *Psychophysik* to the sham science of Hartmann's *Philosophy of the Unconscious*. The present author brings such speculations in here and there, as it were, sideways. The problems which he takes up seriously and puts his strength into are strictly anthropological questions as to the development of man and his civilisation.

Dr. Gerland considers it clearly proved by zoologists that man was developed from a lower animal form. Taking this as a starting-point, and imagining communities of social and intelligent creatures somewhat below man, the question arises, under what circumstances they developed themselves through the last brute stages into humanity. Our author argues that, though need may have been there as a spur to exertion, the great elements of progressive development were well-being and leisure. Now this prosperous state of life could only be attained by help of a permanent supply of some suitable food, available all the year round. This, he maintains, was not animal food, for the supply of game is too irregular, and can only supplement the vegetable dietary on which a settled population must mainly depend. What, then, was the indispensable element of this vegetable diet?

Our author dismisses as insufficient such tree-fruit as cocoa-nuts and dates, and roots such as yams and potatoes. He will not even be satisfied with the whole mixed diet of a wild forest-tribe, with its miscellaneous items of berries, roots, insects, eggs, small creatures of the land and water, with an irregular supply of fish and large game. With all this, the prae-man would not have risen perhaps beyond apeshood. To develop him to man's estate required grain. Suppose, then, a primaeval, not yet human tribe, in some warm region where wild cereal grasses grew in close patches, self-sown crop succeeding crop perpetually. The creatures munched at the ears, till they came to the primitive form of threshing by knocking out the grain against a stone. Then they watched the seed fall and sprout and the new plant ripen, till they learnt to assist nature by sowing it themselves. Thus, developing muscle and brain with abundant food, which gave their life comfort and rest, our ancestors rose gradually, but in a direct line from the condition of lower animals to that of agricultural men, whose condition in this respect was most like that of some modern African tribes, whose grain-food is supplied by a bountiful soil and climate, with slight tillage of the rudest sort. Somewhere near this stage

of mental development, primitive men learnt to use and produce fire; which a low half-apeish race of creatures would never have had the sense to control or benefit by. Thus, according to Dr. Gerland, an agricultural stage is to be reckoned the earliest in the history of civilisation, but when in process of time hordes pressed by need wandered off into the wilds and lived by hunting, they lost the means and the very memory of agriculture, and degenerated into savages.

This is in outline Dr. Gerland's scheme of the origin of civilisation (the word culture would be too confusing here). To the present reviewer, who trusts that he states fairly the ingenious hypothesis, it seems to require two strictures. First, in giving such exclusive importance to grain-food as an agent in developing mankind, Dr. Gerland underrates the value of fruits and roots, which in favourable regions furnish supplies of food all the year round. We do not as yet know much as to the laws of connexion between food and mental development. But one might fancy that if any dietary would feed an ape up into a farm-labourer, this might be done by the regular and plentiful South Sea Island fare of fish, bananas, cocoa-nuts, &c. Such plants might both have furnished nourishment in their wild condition, and have suggested their own cultivation, almost as well as any wild cereal, such as the ancestor of wheat or maize. Second, as to the theory that the agricultural stage came before the wild hunting and fishing stage. On the author's own hypothesis, the prae-human beings at one time fed principally on the seed of wild plants. But creatures living in this way would also have gathered whatever eatable fruits and roots were to be had, and would also have killed and eaten whatever animals of land or water could be easily come by. If it be granted that for these purposes they used sticks and stones (as animals so intelligent would no doubt have done), then this is tantamount to saying that they got their living from wild vegetables and animals in somewhat the same way as Digger Indians, though with ruder appliances. It is really putting an exceedingly low savage state down so early in history as to come not only before the agricultural state, but before the full development of man himself. Thus Dr. Gerland's argument hardly tends to alter the order of progression now generally received by anthropologists—viz., that men lived on wild produce, such as seeds, berries, roots, insects, reptiles, fish, and game, before they attained to the art of planting which brought them to a settled life. The effect of the hypothesis, if proved to be true, would be to take away from human life the two first stages of what we are used to call civilisation, and to transfer them to the remote ages when the ancestral animals had not yet developed into men.

Anthropologists who read Dr. Gerland's argument, though they will consider it overstrained, must at least admit that it has a positive value in the importance it gives to the original wild cereal plants as a direct "lever" of human development. His thesis on the original home of the human race is in like manner too heavy for the evidence it is made to rest upon. He critically examines

the various districts of the world as to their claims to being the region of the first men, and states his objections to America, Africa, Australasia, and the hypothetical continent of "Lemuria," now mostly at the bottom of the Indian Ocean. Then, looking for the original districts of cereal plants, and guiding himself by his theory that man was developed by corn, he finds in Asia the earliest site of humanity, somewhere south-west of the Himalaya, where temperate and tropical floras meet. If Dr. Gerland had been working on the minor problem, whether the higher civilisation of the world arose in Asia, much of his reasoning as to the origins of domesticated animals and cultivated plants would be to the purpose. But when it comes to the deeper and wider problem of the origin of mankind, we feel that he is not going to the bottom of the subject. Indeed, the easy casual way in which he admits the possibility of agriculture having been developed from original savagery in America forces the conviction on the reader that the whole problem is too lightly handled. So with the classification of the races of man. Dr. Gerland looks especially to geographical conditions as the main determining cause of differences of race, and, indeed, of the different courses of human life. A sentence quoted by him from K. E. von Baer well expresses this (p. 387):—

"When the earth's axis received its inclination, when the dry land became divided from the water, when the mountains rose and divided the land into districts, then the destiny of the human race was in its broad outlines already pre-determined, and the history of the world is but the fulfilment of this destiny."

No doubt there is a great principle stated here. But the facts on which it is supported are not massive enough. The attempt systematically to correlate regions of the earth with the physical types of their inhabitants is one which science has hitherto failed in. Up to a certain point Dr. Gerland argues successfully against the doctrine of absolute fixity of race-types. In support of this doctrine it is usual to rely on the unchanged appearance of the negro type in Egypt since most ancient times. He meets this by asking why their type should be expected to have changed, seeing that they were living in a country to whose climate and other conditions they had already become adapted. On the other side, he cites Waitz and Darwin to prove that the negro type is in fact altering in America, where the surroundings are different. Now it is very desirable that such alleged alterations in races should be more carefully studied than they have been, and especially information is wanted as to how far they may be due to change of climate, and how far to change of food, work, mode of life, and education. As yet, however, the problem is still wrapped in obscurity, and its solution is hardly advanced by such an assertion as the following, which is not supported by facts, and simply begs the whole question: "Had the Indo-Germans migrated in early times to the steppes of Northern Asia, they would have become a people of Mongolian type, as surely as steppes are steppes" (p. 395).

Dr. Gerland's volume, full of facts and full of ideas, is to be commended to the attention of those engaged in anthropological research, where it makes several important openings. Especially, no writer has so clearly brought into view the extent to which the problem of man's origin and development turns on the problem of the supply of food, especially vegetable food, in prehistoric periods. Here anthropologists, by calling in the aid of botanists, such as Hooker, Martius, and Grisebach, may expect excellent results. The following extract from Dr. Gerland's concluding chapter (p. 422) may be cited, not, indeed, as an established hypothesis, but as the key to his most promising line of investigation. Remarkable on the immense importance of assimilation in determining the molecular constitution and movement of organised bodies, he writes:—

"Thence the immense importance of nutrition. By their mode of nourishment we distinguish in the first place between plants and animals. Better, more highly organised food facilitated the development of more highly organised beings, and the striving after particular kinds of nourishment in many respects itself pointed out the way to development. Even the brain stands in the most exact relation to the function of nourishment. The senses, eyes, tactile organs, and afterwards smell, group themselves in the immediate proximity of the mouth, so as to be at once finders of food, and care-takers of the organism in its selection. Thereby the nerve-collar forms itself, and from this, by the continued excitation of more lively and active sensations, is evolved the brain. This formation can only be carried out by increased plenty and security in the supply of food, and *vice versa*, the more the first progresses, the more it promotes the progress of the second. As now the brain becomes distinctly the centre of nerve-life, it brings hearing also into its neighbourhood—and thus the beauty of the human countenance is ultimately based on the animal function of feeding. It was this which called into existence the different characteristics of animals; it was this which, causing easier and richer assimilation of serviceable molecules, raised man above the beast."

EDWARD B. TYLOR.

A Compendium of the Comparative Grammar of the Indo-European, Sanskrit, Greek and Latin Languages. By August Schleicher. Translated from the third German edition by Herbert Bendall, M.A. Part I. (London: Trübner & Co., 1874.)

SCHLEICHER'S well-known Compendium has long been recognised as the most convenient and trustworthy storehouse of facts for the student of Indo-Germanic philology. It can claim no charms of style; on the contrary, it is at first sight singularly dry and repellent. But its arrangement is excellent, its methods sober and scientific, and, with the exception of a few quasi-heresies, almost peculiar to its gifted author, it represents the most approved results of modern research. These merits caused it to be chosen as one of the text-books of which some knowledge is now expected from candidates for honours in the Classical Tripos at Cambridge; and this choice, again, may be fairly supposed to have prompted the translation of a portion of it by Mr. Bendall. It is to be feared that, if it had not been for the influence in favour of modern scientific philology which has at last, and not at all too soon, been

exerted by the Universities, it would have been long enough before any such translation would have been undertaken. Mr. Bendall's version will be very welcome to those "students of Greek and Latin philology" who are now undergraduates, and who, before its appearance, saw with terror many pages of very odd-looking German lying between them and the fulfilment of their hopes. They will, doubtless, be duly grateful, and not very critical, towards one who has undertaken the irksome task of putting this text-book within somewhat easier reach, but from any other stand-point Mr. Bendall's performance cannot be considered satisfactory. In the first place, the special purpose with which the translation was prepared has led to an unfortunate limitation of its range. Not only the less familiar languages, of which Schleicher makes such good use, but even Gothic, so important for the student of English, and the Italian dialects (Oscan and Umbrian), hardly less needful for the student of Latin, are omitted altogether. And even in the parts which have been translated, the references and notes have been sadly curtailed. But this fragmentary nature of the version, much as it is to be regretted, is accounted for, if not wholly excused, by the object immediately in view. Again, the unattractive character of the original is in the translation made ten times worse by the extraordinary and, for the most part, wholly unexplained abbreviations with which every page is crowded: fm., fm., labb., bes. gutt. mom., sff., and Gk. (introduced into a German sentence p. 71), will be sufficient specimens out of a very large variety. It is a matter of opinion whether Schleicher's *j* should have been turned (without a word of warning) into *y*: it is certain that much confusion will be caused by a variation, apparently purely capricious, between *u* and *v*. But things like these, which are at most but errors of judgment, are of much less importance than the serious want of fidelity in the version. Sometimes this seems again to be a matter of caprice. One instance of this kind is given on the very title-page. Schleicher chose to speak throughout of *Indogermanisch*; now, doubtless there is much to be said against this name for the primitive *Ursprache*, though if it be rendered by its English equivalent *Indo-Teutonic* it is certainly capable of a plausible defence; but much is also to be said against the term *Indo-European*, which some of our leading English philologists wish to bring into favour. And what is to be said of a translator, who, on a question which is still unsettled, shifts the weight of his author's name from the one scale into the other without a word of explanation or apology? But more often there is something more at fault than capriciousness. Within a dozen lines (p. 158), we read of the terminations in Latin assuming "a more definite existence" (*ein festeres Wesen*); of "the earlier national (*volkstümlich*) archaic lang.;" of "later also in the unformed branch of the Roman" (*beim nicht gebildeten teile der Römer sicherlich auch später*). These renderings occur in three out of four consecutive sentences; and the fourth is made barely intelligible and wholly incorrect by ignoring the force of *gerade*

with a superlative. Elsewhere, one of the best-known authorities on Latin orthography is quoted as Fleckeisen's 5th Art. (*Fünfte Artikel, &c.*); *levir* is translated "father-in-law" (Mr. Bendall does not explain his notion of levirate marriage); and "it here depends of course from the stem only" is the version of *es kommt hier natürlich nur auf den stamm an*. Schleicher is certainly not responsible for the curious logic of the following sentence:—"Bef. I, *x* has died out in *te-la* (web), which, however (*doch*), can only be explained as prob. coming fr. **tex-la*, cf. *tex-ere* (weave)." Nor did he ever say anything as absurd as this:—"Neither will a fm. **κφαλός* seem to me to be Gk., and yet we must suppose some such form" (*ein *κφαλός u.s.f. will mir weder als griechisch erscheinen, noch ist die voraussetzung solcher formen irgend wie nötig*).

It is right to add that misprints are, on the whole, commendably rare considering the difficulty of correcting the sheets of a work of the kind. But, although it is with reluctance that one passes an adverse judgment on a book that has evidently cost some pains, the plain fact is that Mr. Bendall's version is quite untrustworthy as an interpretation of Schleicher's words. An early demand for a second edition would be a welcome proof of the interest taken in philological studies; it would not be less welcome as giving the opportunity for a careful revision, with the aid of some competent German scholar, of what might have been, and still might be, the best available introduction to the study of Comparative Philology.

AUGUSTUS S. WILKINS.

THE TEXT OF TABARI.

MR. H. W. FREELAND, of Chichester, has forwarded to us the enclosed letter for publication. Mr. Freeland will be happy to receive and transmit to the proper quarter any contributions which the friends of Oriental literature may be willing to make:—

"Leyden, November 2, 1875.

"Dear Sir,—Allow me to give you some more particulars about a great literary undertaking at which I just hinted during your visit to our town; the publication of the large original Chronicle of Tabari, the greatest historical work of the Arabic literature.

"The labour being too great for a single person, it has been divided between several scholars, under the superintendence of my friend and colleague, Professor de Goeje. Dr. Barth, of Berlin, will give the introduction and the Biblical history, Professor Nöldeke, of Strassburg, the Sassanides, Professor Loth of Leipzig the Prophet and the four first Khalifs; Dr. Müller and Dr. Grünert, of Berlin, and Professor Thorbecke, of Heidelberg, the Omayyades; Professor de Goeje himself the Abbasides.

"It will be, as Professor Sprenger writes, 'the task of this age to publish a critical edition of Tabari's history, just as well as to explore the interior of Africa and the Polar regions.'

"In comparison with the two last-named undertakings, the expenses of the first will be small. But expenses there will be—not for the printing, Messrs. Brill of this town being quite ready to do that at their own risk; but for the copying of those MSS. which are inaccessible to the editors. In Constantinople those parts have been copied already which are not to be found in Western Europe, with the exception of a fragment, which will still cost 42*l*. In the British Museum one part has been copied, and another collated. Mr. de Goeje has been able to defray those expenses by a donation of 210*l*. from Professor Stähelin, of Basle, and by a subsidy of 125*l*. from our Government. What remains is

to obtain a copy of the other MSS. in Constantinople and the British Museum, which are to be collated with those we have, and a copy of a complete MS. which exists in Medina. Mr. de Goeje cannot state precisely the sum he wants for all that, but it certainly will be more than what has been already expended.

"The money is hard to find, and it would be a pity if the splendid undertaking miscarried through a merely pecuniary hindrance. Perhaps you and your friends in England will be disposed to lend a hand towards its realisation. English gentlemen have shown very often that to large fortunes they join the love of Science and the will to promote it; so I come to you as a beggar, the more confidently as I have no personal interest in the matter, my time being wholly taken up by quite another work. Believe me, dear sir, yours very truly,

R. DOZY."

SCIENCE NOTES.

PHYSICS.

Rotatory Polarisation of Quartz.—Two papers on this subject have lately appeared in the *Comptes Rendus*, the one by MM. Soret and Sarasin (tom. lxxi., p. 610), the other by M. Croullebois (tom. lxxi., p. 666). The paper of the latter was read before the British Association at its meeting at Brighton in 1872, but the title only was published in the report of the meeting, and its appearance now is due to the publication by MM. Soret and Sarasin of their researches in the same subject. The rotatory effect of quartz is a function of the refrangibility of the light which passes through it, increasing as the wave-length diminishes. MM. Soret and Sarasin have observed the rotation as far as the ultra-violet ray *N* (wave-length = 358.5), employing the method of Fizeau and Foucault. In this method solar light, reflected horizontally by a metallic mirror, is concentrated by a converging lens of 1*m*.15 focal length. A little in front of the focus of the lens the beam traverses a large Nicol, next to which is a quartz plate cut perpendicular to the axis, then a second Nicol fixed on a graduated circle: finally the light enters a spectroscop, of which the slit is placed at the focus of the lens. The spectroscop is provided with a fluorescent eye-piece. They also examined the extreme red of the spectrum (from *A* to *a*) by placing in front of the slit of the spectroscop a plate of cobalt glass, which allows the extreme red to pass while it absorbs the neighbouring more refrangible rays. M. Croullebois observed the spectrum as far as the ultra-violet ray *O* (wave-length = 338.3), but was a little doubtful about the extent of rotation in this case. The angle of rotation is a function of the wave-length, and M. Boltzmann has proposed the formula $\phi = \frac{B}{\lambda^2} + \frac{C}{\lambda^4} + \frac{D}{\lambda^6} + \dots$ to connect the two, *B*, *C*, *D*, . . ., being constants. This formula agrees very satisfactorily with the experimental results of MM. Soret and Sarasin.

Action of Light on the Electric Conductivity of Selenium.—An abstract of Professor W. G. Adams's paper on this subject is published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society* (No. 163). Several series of experiments were made with the view—(1) To determine whether the change in the electrical resistance of selenium is due to radiant heat, light, or chemical action; (2) To measure the amount of the change of resistance due to exposure to light of different sources transmitted through various absorbing media; and (3) To determine whether the action is instantaneous or gradual, and to measure the rate at which the action takes place. The average resistance of the selenium used was 2½ megohms, and the battery used in most of the experiments consisted of 30 Leclanché cells. The absorbing media employed were bichromate of potash, sulphate of copper, ruby, orange, green, and blue glasses, also plates of rock-salt, alum, mica, and quartz. The general action of light upon selenium is to diminish its

electrical resistance, and Professor Adams found by experiments with the electric light and rock-salt, alum, quartz, and a solution of iodine in bisulphide of carbon, that the resistance diminishes at the same rate as the illumination increases, and, moreover, that the obscure heat-rays have a very slight action. On the whole, Professor Adams's experiments prove that the action on the selenium is due principally, if not entirely, to radiations belonging to the visible portion of the spectrum. Light rays of all kinds, particularly the greenish-yellow, produce an instantaneous effect, followed by a more or less gradual effect, which continues to increase during exposure for several minutes. Two hypotheses are suggested as possible explanations:—(1) That the light falling on the selenium causes an electromotive force in it, which opposes a battery-current passing through it, the effect being similar to the effect due to polarisation in an electrolyte; (2) That the light falling on the selenium causes a change in its surface akin to the change which it produces on the surface of a phosphorescent body, and that in consequence of this change the electric current is enabled to pass more readily over the surface of the selenium.

A new Relation between Electricity and Light.—Faraday, who was acquainted with the method of studying the strains produced in transparent solids by means of polarised light, made many experiments in the hope of detecting some action on polarised light while passing through a medium in which dielectric induction exists. He was not, however, able to detect any action of this kind. Though his experiments were arranged in the way best adapted to discover effects of tension, he was unable to recognise any action on light due to static electric induction. Dr. Kerr, in a paper published in the November number of the *Philosophical Magazine*, describes experiments which he has recently made which show that electrification of a non-conductor when sufficiently powerful is accompanied by optical effect. A piece of polished plate-glass is selected, three-quarters of an inch thick, six inches long, and two wide. Two holes are drilled into the block from its opposite ends, and approach within a quarter of an inch of each other; in these are inserted thick copper wires, sheathed—except at their extremities—in gutta percha. The electrification is effected by means of a powerful Ruhmkorff's induction apparatus, the outer ends of the wires from the glass plate being screwed into the knobs of the secondary coil. When the plate of glass is intensely electrified and traversed by polarised light in a direction perpendicular to the lines of force, Dr. Kerr found that a depolarising action is exerted upon the light, giving an effect which is much more than merely sensible in a common polariscope. Electric force and optical effect increase together. The optical effect of a constant electric action takes a certain time to reach its full intensity, which it does by continuous increase from zero, and it falls again slowly to zero after the electric force has vanished. It was found further that the dielectricification of plate-glass is equivalent optically to a compression of the glass along the lines of electric force. Dielectricified glass acts upon transmitted light as a negative uniaxial crystal, with its axis parallel to the lines of force. Quartz (like glass) acts upon transmitted light as if compressed along the lines of force, while resin (unlike glass) acts as if extended along the lines of force. Dr. Kerr intends to examine the action of liquid dielectrics in the same way.

Development of Dynamic by means of Static Electricity.—The induction coil of Ruhmkorff affords the means of converting dynamic into static electricity. Professor Bichat (*Annales de Chim. et de Phys.*, sér. 5, tom. 6, p. 301) has sought to effect the inverse transformation. In the ordinary mode of using a Ruhmkorff's coil, a current successively made and broken is passed through the thick wire, the result being the production of two currents in opposite directions in

the thin wire, equal in quantity but very unequal in tension. If the terminals of the thin wire be separated by a layer of air of sufficient thickness, the direct current alone passes. Conversely it would seem that the machine of Ruhmkorff ought to be the most suitable apparatus for transforming static into dynamic electricity, and experiment fully confirms this prevision. If a series of sparks produced by a Holtz machine be passed through the fine wire of the bobbin, there are developed in the thick wire induced currents, which are distinguished from other induced currents produced by static electricity by the facility with which they decompose water and saline solutions, and by the energy with which they deflect a galvanometer needle. In a voltmeter with acidulated water we should expect to find equal volumes of detonating mixture produced at each of the electrodes, since the induced currents are equal in quantity and in opposite directions. On the contrary, however, we find that oxygen is disengaged on one side and hydrogen on the other, the gases forming water being thus separated from each other and almost pure. It would thus seem that there is a single current passing through the voltmeter, which contradicts the known facts of induction. To explain this apparent contradiction the author availed himself of the phenomenon of the polarisation of the electrodes, a method previously adopted by Verdet with success in his experiments on static induction. The method consists simply in this—that the voltmeter, after its electrodes have become polarised by the passage through it for a short time of the induced current, is disconnected from the coil and put into communication with an insulated galvanometer, the change of connexions being effected by means of a commutator. The direction and amount of the deflection of the galvanometer indicate the direction and strength of the induced current passing through the thick wire of the Ruhmkorff. The result showed that the current is *inverse*—i.e., in contrary direction to the principal current furnished by the Holtz. These apparent anomalies are due to the difference in tension of the two currents which in reality are produced whether in the thick or thin wire. The explanation is simple:—the balls of the discharger, included in the principal circuit, are charged slowly, owing to the great resistance of the fine primary wire, and discharged abruptly. The tension of the direct current, which corresponds to the rupture, is enormous in comparison with that of the inverse current, which proceeds from the slow establishment of the spark constituting the inducing current. The inverse current, which is produced first, arrives at the voltmeter and decomposes the water. This decomposition results in the deposition on the platinum wires of a large quantity of microscopic gas-bubbles, which are not disengaged, and which hence are eminently adapted to the production of polarisation-currents. The direct current which then arrives also decomposes the water, but, as it exists only during a very short time, it follows that the decomposition takes place rapidly. The bubbles of gas are larger, less adherent, and are disengaged at once, and are thus unable to effect more than a feeble polarisation, quite incapable of destroying that due to the inverse current. Thus the apparent production of a single inverse current is owing to the difference in tension of the two induced currents.

BOTANY.

The Asparagaceae.—Uniform with the three previous papers on sections of the *Liliaceae*, Mr. Baker has contributed a fourth, of which we have a reprint before us, to the *Journal of the Linnean Society*. This embraces all the genera having a baccate fruit. As here characterised this sub-order consists of 259 species, under thirty-five genera and eight tribes, including the curious *Aspidistree*. There are three new genera described—namely, *Speirantha* (*Tovarieae*), *Gonioscypha*, and *Campylandra* (*Aspidistree*). Kunth's genus *Cohnia* is retained for its *perianthium sex-*

partitum. *Clintonia* of Rafinesque is kept up for various species of *Smilacina*, *Convallaria*, and *Dracaena* of different writers. We may incidentally mention that the *Clintonia* of Douglas will be reduced in the forthcoming part of Bentham and Hooker's *Genera Plantarum*, which will shortly appear and will contain the remaining gamopetalous orders. The last tribe, *Asparageae*, includes four genera, *Asparagus*, *Ruscus*, *Semele*, and *Danaë*. The first embraces nearly 100 species; and the two last are again separated from *Ruscus*, *Danaë* having hermaphrodite flowers, and in *Semele* the flowers are borne on the margins of the cladodes, instead of on the under-surface.

Vitality of Seeds.—Although there is no doubt that the seeds of many plants retain their vegetative powers for a long period under certain conditions, absolute proof is still wanting to confirm the supposed germination of grains of wheat, &c., taken from Egyptian mummy-cases and other sources. Carefully-conducted experiments by scientific men of different countries have furnished little beyond negative results. We ourselves have tried in vain to raise various seeds, ranging from fifteen to twenty-five years old, which had been more or less exposed to atmospherical influences—that is to say, they were kept in paper bags. Buried in the soil to a certain depth, it seems quite possible that some seeds would retain their vitality for an indefinite number of years. This is so far true that in some districts where the arable land has been very much infested with the charlock, and the farmer has succeeded in nearly exterminating it, he is very careful not to plough deeper than usual, which invariably brings a quantity of fresh seed within germinating distance of the surface of the soil, and is the cause of weed increasing and spreading again with renewed vigour. Having similar facts in view, Dr. H. Hoffmann has been experimenting with soil taken from the diluvial beds of the Rhine districts. We should mention, too, that he hoped to obtain some interesting results affecting the transmutation theory, and some explanation of the peculiar distribution of certain plants found in the Middle Rhine district. The results he has published in the *Botanische Zeitung* (No. 42 and 43, 1875). For the purposes of the experiments, about three-quarters of a hundredweight of the Löss soil was taken out at a depth of 12 feet below the surface, when the earth was being levelled for the railway station at Monsheim, near Worms. A newly-broken spot was selected, and the tools previously cleaned with well-water. In fact, every conceivable precaution was taken throughout the experiment to prevent the intrusion of foreign seeds or spores. Notwithstanding all this care, various mosses and ferns, and even some phanerogams, sprang up in the pots, which were closely covered with bell-glasses. It is noteworthy, too, that all the species that sprang up in this way were common either in the greenhouse or its immediate vicinity, and not in the locality whence the soil was procured. A similar set of experiments was instituted with white tertiary sand, and the result was the same. And the experiment with Löss soil was repeated again. In this instance the only plant that could possibly have sprung from a seed in the experimental soil was *Festuca pratensis*, but this was a delicate plant, probably from a very small light seed, that might have been conveyed thither by the air. It will thus be seen that all these experiments gave results of a negative character. But the author has put them on record, and wisely we think, to show the difficulties in the way of obtaining satisfactory proof in experiments of this nature. Altogether they go to strengthen the view that "Egyptian mummy wheat" was accidentally introduced with the actual grain taken from the cases.

On the Characteristic Colouring-Matters of the Red Groups of Algae.—Mr. H. C. Sorby is continuing his researches in comparative vegetal chromatology; his last contribution (*Linnean Society's Journal*, vol. xv.) treats of the coloured

substances of the red *Algae*. As far as his investigations go at present, he finds that red *Algae* contain at least six different characteristic colouring-matters soluble in water. Various mixtures of these have been called *Phycocyan* and *Phycocerythrin*, and the writer thinks that one cannot do better than retain these terms generically, and express the differences between the individual species by the addition of words indicating their colours. Thus, for example, the dark species of *Oscillatoria*, *O. nigra*, so common in clear still water, yields a splendid purple solution, which has been called *Phycocyan*. But the author claims to have shown that it is composed chiefly of a mixture of two distinct substances—one of purple, having a well-marked absorption-band in the spectra, whose centre is at wave-length 621 millionths of a millimetre, and the other a pink, having an absorption-band at 567 millionths of a millimetre. These Mr. Sorby would call respectively *purple Phycocyan* and *pink Phycocyan*. The following table shows the more important differences between the various kinds of *Phycocyan* and *Phycocerythrin*. The position of the centres of the principal bands of each substance is shown by the wave-length of the light at that part of the spectrum in millionths of a millimetre, and their width by the difference between the wave-lengths of the opposite sides when the bands are well defined. The lowest temperature at which each of the substances is slowly decomposed when dissolved in syrup is given according to the centigrade scale. O. stands for *Oscillatoria nigra*, and P. for *Porphyra vulgaris*.

Name of Substance	Centre	Width	Fluorescence	Decomposed at
Blue Phycocyan, O.	650	18	Strong Red	75°C.
Purple Phycocyan, O.	621	32	Strong Rose	80°
" " P.	621	32	"	68°
Pink Phycocyan, O.	567	29	Doubtful	65°
Pink Phycocerythrin, P.	569	18	Strong Orange	80°
Red Phycocerythrin, P.	497	27	None	80°

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

LONDON MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, November 11.)

PROFESSOR CAYLEY, F.R.S., in the Chair. The following gentlemen were elected as the Council for the ensuing session:—

President: Professor H. J. S. Smith, F.R.S.; Vice-Presidents: Dr. Hirst, F.R.S., Lord Rayleigh, F.R.S., Mr. W. Spottiswoode, F.R.S.; Treasurer: Mr. S. Roberts; Hon. Secs.: Messrs. M. Jenkins and R. Tucker; Other Members: Mr. J. W. L. Glaisher, F.R.S., Professor Cayley, F.R.S., Professor Clifford, F.R.S., Mr. T. Cotterill, Rev. R. Harley, F.R.S., Professor Henrici, F.R.S., Mr. C. W. Merrifield, F.R.S., Professor Sylvester, F.R.S., and Mr. H. M. Taylor.

Professor Sylvester gave a detailed account of results arrived at in the consideration of "The Fifteen Young Ladies' Problem, and a General Mathematical Theory of Pure Syntax." The following communications were made to the Society:—Mr. J. Hammond on "The Relation between Bernoulli's Numbers and the Binomial Co-efficients;" Mr. S. Roberts on "Three Bar Motion in Plane Space;" Mr. J. W. L. Glaisher on "Values of Certain Infinite Products, with an Application to the Summation of the Geometrical Series of the n th order as a Definite Integral;" Major J. R. Campbell on "The Form of Cam which, acting on a Lever, shall communicate a Motion such that the Angular Velocity Ratio of the Lever and Cam is a given Function of the Angle described by the latter." Mr.

Hammond's paper contained some interesting numerical results which follow directly from the division formulae given in a former paper by the same author; it was accompanied by a coloured diagram showing how certain determinant forms of the numbers are formed of selected co-efficients. Mr. Roberts determined three foci, any two of which may be taken as centres of the link-movements, and the nature of the link-work in each case.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—(Saturday, November 13.)

DR. J. H. GLADSTONE, President, in the Chair.—Dr. Stone read a paper on Thermopiles. He has recently been engaged in some experiments with a view to ascertain the best alloy for use in thermopiles. The thermo-electric power of a metal or alloy appears to be quite unconnected with its power for conducting heat or electricity, or with its voltaic relation to other metals; neither does it appear to have any relation to specific gravities or atomic weights. Dr. Stone first used a couple consisting of German silver rich in nickel. This was characterised by great steadiness, but the electro-motive force developed by moderate differences of temperature was not great. He then used Marcus' negative alloy, consisting of twelve parts of antimony, five of zinc, and one of bismuth, but the crystalline nature and consequent brittleness of this mixture were found to be great objections to its practical use. It occurred to Dr. Stone that the addition of arsenic might diminish the brittleness without injuring the thermo-electric power, and on trial it was found that an alloy of zinc, antimony, and arsenic, with a little tin, formed a much less brittle mass than Marcus' metal, with quite as great or greater thermo-electric power. The electro-motive force of an element formed of this substance and copper was $\frac{1}{100}$ of a Daniell, the temperature-difference being 80° C. Dr. Guthrie suggested that the great influence which alloying one metal slightly with another has on its position in the thermo-electric series may perhaps be connected with its change in conducting power for heat. Mr. Walenn and Professor G. C. Foster also took part in the discussion which followed the reading of Dr. Stone's paper.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—(Tuesday, November 16.)

OSBERT SALVIN, Esq., F.R.S., in the Chair. Mr. Slater exhibited the horn of a Rhinoceros from Assam, which showed that a two-horned species, probably identical with *Rh. sumatrensis*, is a native of that country. Mr. H. Seebohm exhibited a fine series of rare birds and eggs, collected by Mr. Harvie Brown and himself on the Petschura River in north-eastern Russia. Among the most interesting of the eggs were those of the Grey Plover (*Squatarola helvetica*) and the Little Stint (*Tringa minuta*), which have hitherto been almost unknown, accompanied by the young in down; those of the latter species were especially important as indicating a close relationship to the Dunlin (*T. alpina*). There were also eggs of Bewick's Swan (*Cygnus minor*), which are new to science, and of ten species of Ducks, including those of the Smew (*Mergus albellus*). Of the birds there were many examples of the Yellow-head Wagtail (*Motacilla citreola*), a Warbler (*Phylloscopus tristis*) hitherto only known as Indian, and an undescribed species of Pipit, which has been named *Anthus Seebohmi* by Mr. Dresser. Mr. Garrod made some remarks on the Manatee (*Manatus americanus*) which was recently alive at the Society's Gardens, illustrating the structure of its mouth by an ingenious working model. A communication from Mr. W. H. Hudson gave an account of a remarkable habit of a small South American heron, *Ardeetta involucris*, which conceals itself by drawing itself up in a perfectly perpendicular position, so as to mimic the sur-

rounding reeds. Other papers were read by Drs. Günther, Finsch, and Bowerbank, Messrs. Ramsey, Hanley, and Butler.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, November 17.)

J. EVANS, Esq., F.R.S., President, in the Chair. Professor Owen described a new modification of Dinosaurian vertebra from lacustrine beds in South Africa. The centrum exhibited on each side a foramen, indicating an arrest of ossification of the primitive notochord. The Rev. J. Gunn called attention to the presence of a forest-bed series at Kessingland and Pakefield, in Suffolk, and described the position of this series as underlying the Chillesford clay. Beneath this clay, which is marine, he has found fluvio-marine beds, which he believed to represent the upper portion of what has been called "Norwich Crag." This was succeeded in descending order by deposits containing rootlets, which had led to its having been mistaken for the forest-bed. Unios occur in some of these deposits, and thus point to their fresh-water origin. The true forest-bed, with stools of trees, rests on the old soil represented by the elephant-bed, which may be of estuarine origin. Mr. Gunn believed that the mammalian remains from the so-called Norwich Crag are exclusively derived from the "stone bed" resting on the chalk. The author's researches had brought to light some interesting mammalian remains from the forest-bed, hitherto undescribed.

THE METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, November 17.)

DR. R. J. MANN, President, in the Chair. The following papers were read:—"Some Remarks on the Reduction of Barometric Readings, with a form of Table for combining the Corrections for Index-error, Temperature and Altitude," by William Marriott, F.M.S. Readings of the barometer to be of any scientific value must be corrected for index-error, temperature, and height above mean sea-level. There is not much difficulty in applying the first two, but it is a very troublesome thing to obtain the proper corrections for altitude if the station be more than 100 feet above sea-level. The author has found that a great number of observers make some very extraordinary mistakes in applying this correction, and gives a few as specimens. He attributes the difficulty in applying this correction to the unsatisfactory explanation accompanying the tables as given in the different manuals on meteorology, and to the fact of the corrections being only given for two pressures—viz., twenty-seven inches and thirty inches. He then submits a table which gives the sea-level pressure on the left hand, and the reading of the barometer at the station corresponding to that pressure on the right hand, with the altitude correction between them. In conclusion he submits a form of table in which are combined the corrections for index-error, temperature, and height above sea-level, which is the means of saving much time, besides reducing the liability to error. "On a Continuous Self-registering Thermometer," by W. Harrison Cripps. The thermometer consists of six coils of glass tubing, the first five being wound concentrically round an axis, each coil lying within the other in such a manner as to form a spiral glass-wheel four inches in diameter. The sixth coil is moved slightly away from the others so that it shall form the circumference of a circle five inches in diameter, the centre being the axis around which the spiral tube is coiled. Pivots are attached to either end of the axis, which rest on two parallel metal uprights. The tubing is filled with spirit, and mercury and a small quantity of air are inclosed in the large coil. The thermometer works in the following manner: when the spirit contracts on cooling, the expansion of the included air keeps the column of mercury in contact with it; this immediately alters the centre of gravity, and the wheel begins to revolve in a direction opposite

to that of the receding mercury. On applying heat, the mercury passes forwards, and the wheel moves in the opposite direction. The thermometer is made to record somewhat in the same way as the recording aneroid barometer.

"On a self-regulating Atmometer," by S. H. Miller, F.R.A.S. After several years' experimenting with evaporating dishes of different forms under various conditions, the author has arrived at the conclusion that none of the contrivances which have come under his own observation are entirely satisfactory. After remarking upon the conditions which a good evaporator should fulfil, he proceeds to describe a self-regulating one which he has devised, and which has now worked satisfactorily for several months. The apparatus consists of an open cylinder, eight inches in diameter, surmounted by a brass rain-gauge rim, which receives the water from which the evaporation takes place. This vessel is surrounded by another cylinder, fifteen inches in diameter, and closed at the top, which is divided into two compartments, upper and lower. The upper one is filled with water, to keep the level in the inner cylinder always constant, and the lower one receives the overflow rainfall. The amount of evaporation is determined by weighing the apparatus.

PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—
(Thursday, November 18.)

MR. SERJEANT COX, President, in the Chair. Mr. George Harris, LL.D., read a paper on "Caligraphy as a Test of Character," which he illustrated by a large number of autographs of distinguished men. An animated debate followed, in which Professor Leone Levi, Dr. Bayham, the President, and others, took part. The President announced that the Council had determined to devote the next meeting to a discussion upon Professor Tyn-dall's article on "Materialism" in the last *Fortnightly Review*. The Society accepted the challenge there thrown out, and would maintain as a scientific fact the existence in man of something other than the material and mortal body.

FINE ART.

THE SOCIETY OF FRENCH ARTISTS.

THE most conspicuous work in the gallery is *A Page* by M. Roybet—truly a strong, decisive performance. The page, a pallid, pale-haired boy, life-sized, and clothed in light salmon-pink, stands beside a table with a green satin covering of the most positive hue, and crimson hangings come behind: a helmet, a richly-chased musket, and other objects, are on the table. The strength of handling proclaims itself in the fact that, although all the abundant still-life material is thus made beyond any comparison more forcible in colour than the human figure, the latter nevertheless keeps its proper place, without being at all superseded. The same painter sends *Le Buveur*; a trooper in white or whitish uniform with a black sombrero. Neither the quality of the personage nor the general method of treatment seems quite in harmony with his small hands, and contracted pointed features, more attorney-like than military. *A Musketeer* is a third example of the same skilful pencil: here again the drapery is light—white silk—while the general effect is of robust vigour. This is a small work; hardly less exact than a Meissonier, and more obviously strong. *A Pilgrimage*, by Lhermitte, represents about a dozen French peasant women and girls, with a baby, at their devotions in a church; one elderly woman adds a lighted candle to those which already burn before the effigy of the Virgin and Child. There is a strong national similarity, not of a particularly fine type, among the various faces. The work is both true and good, and would seem still better but for the dangerous comparison which it raises with some works of like subject-matter by M. Legros, who remains, and may probably long remain, the *chef d'école* in this

line. *Christopher Plantin, the Antwerp Printer*, is a moderately good specimen of Leys; solid certainly, and stolid too in some degree. The master-printer, accompanied by Arias Montanus and Raphaelengius, the revisers of the Polyglot Bible, or *Biblia Plantiniana*, is examining a proof-sheet of the work which a compositor holds up. If Leys had not done many better things, this would excite and deserve close attention. Along with numerous "Sketches" Mr. Whistler sends one subject of larger size—*Chelsea Reach, Harmony in Grey*. It indicates an extremely dim day, brooding and moist; the forms are blurred, but are nevertheless disposed with great aptitude, and form as important an element in the whole effect as its fused and delicate tone. The Sketches are mostly figures, done in chalk with touches of colour, two or three being from nude models. Their general quality is artistic slightness—a few things told, and made suggestive of others that are only implied: a quality not to be confounded with heedlessness. Indeed, they present a good deal worthy of leisurely examination.

Other figure-subjects not to be overlooked are, *A Carpet-Bazaar*, by Clairin; *Paysanne*, by Jules Breton, a resolute face, with much working energy in it, and no sentimentalising; *Washing at Morlaix*, by Bellenger, a street-scene, with a slope down to the stream-side—the faces and actions not only free from clumsiness, but even elegant, without, however, being untrue to Nature; *Une Almée*, by Gérôme, an unattractive small study for the well-known picture; *The Practising Room*, a sketch, by Degas, ballet-girls trying their paces and graces, the light through the tall windows very truly given; and *Gifts from Japan*, by Mrs. Alma-Tadema, a girl holding a sun-shade, a doll, and a picture-book, the last not quite so characteristically hit off as might be; the sensible well-set face of the juvenile sitter is a praiseworthy piece of painting.

There can be few finer or more important Corots to be seen anywhere than *The Lake of Nemi*, in which a young man is seen helping himself up the bank after bathing. This is truly the work of a master; telling in charm of light—free, strong, and finely-composed, in its forms. Eight other specimens of the painter appear in this exhibition: we may specify *A Windy Day*; *A Tanner's Yard*, a study outside of his usual line of work, solid and good; and *The Pond at Ville d'Avray*, full of life and lusty grace in the growth of the trees. M^{me}. Cazin appears here with almost as many pictures as Corot, and claims once again a very high meed of encomium. Her *Entrance to the Village*, with yellow light in the sky, is especially excellent. Still more observable is *A Storm on the Coast of France*. The deluge of rain, and the ponderous bluff of clouds, sweep over the land; the sea is unperturbed, and the sky above its surface, although diversified by the rapidly-shifting atmospheric conditions, is for the moment tranquil enough. In vigour of perception, and broad, unembarrassed, forthright dealing with her materials, M^{me}. Cazin abounds: delicate multifariousness of detail is not, so fully as one might wish, co-ordinated with these admirable gifts.

The landscape section of the Gallery includes also *Haymaking*, by Alma-Tadema, a nice simple specimen on a small scale; some examples of Bellenger (already mentioned among the figure-painters)—see especially *Après la Pluie le Beau Temps*; *A Winter Sunset*, by Münthe, rather a self-repetition, but good as such; *Antwerp*, by Boudin; *November*, by Artz, a woman gathering sticks in a clump of trees upon the common; *A Branch of the Sogne Fjord*, by Rasmussen; and *Fallen Leaves*, by Munkacsy—the first landscape that we remember from this energetic realist, and a fine one—the moon rising ghostly but beautiful above a birch-grove nigh denuded, and a man raking together the strewn autumn-leaves, a ruddy profusion of decay.

We re-encounter M. Lhermitte in a combina-

tion of landscape and animal painting—*Sheep-washing*—a large work, ably done, yet not ranking among his best successes. The same combination is to be found in *The Last of the Flock*, by M. Burnier—forcible in execution, melancholy in impression. Instead of "the Flock," we should rather read "the Herd." A peasant is bringing three or four cows to market; they all trudge ploddingly along, while the sun sets in calm but sad dignity, and dusk and dark usurp upon his reign.

Among the inevitable flower-pictures by Fantin, six in number, one of the most remarkable is the *Apple-blossom* (74). There are also two excellent terra-cotta busts by Dalou; that of Mr. Boehm the sculptor being particularly vivid (lifelike, or, as one might say, picture-like) in the management of the eyes. W. M. ROSSETTI.

DAUBIGNY'S ETCHINGS, AND ART NEWS.

Paris: November 20, 1875.

M. Frédéric Heuriet, a friend of the painter's employed at the Ministère des Beaux-Arts, has just brought out a work he began a long time ago, entitled *C. Daubigny et son œuvre gravé*, in one octavo volume, published by A. Lévy, and very carefully printed by J. Clave. It contains a portrait of Daubigny by Léon Lhermitte, one of his unpublished etchings, and several facsimiles by his son Karl Daubigny, beside some heliographic plates from very rare pieces, done by Durand's process.

So much for the material part of the work. The same care has been bestowed on the rest, by which I mean the division of the contents and the study on Daubigny the painter and engraver; the catalogue, which is as exact as possible, and takes notice of all the known "states" of the 113 pieces; an essay on the numerous publications for which Daubigny drew so many charming woodcuts; and finally the list of all the paintings he has exhibited at public exhibitions ever since 1838. It is impossible to speak both of the painter and the etcher in one short letter. Of his pleasing talent as a painter, of the useful influence he exercised over the present school of landscape-painters, and the place we assign him in the group which succeeded the Romanticists, and are not to be confounded with the Realists, we shall have other opportunities of speaking. To-day we will devote ourselves to the etcher whose works are, some of them, models of taste, refinement, and French sentiment. We are glad to see men of M. Frédéric Heuriet's stamp engaged in collecting and cataloguing pieces of paper which a few years back were being sold in lots, which began by finding no buyers at all, and then suddenly attracted the attention of fastidious amateurs on both sides of the Channel, in Belgium, and in Russia. This book discloses a curious fact: it makes repeated reference to the reproduction of Daubigny's etchings by Durand's heliographic process, and mentions that the price of the proofs will be at least five francs each. Now, in 1851, Daubigny published a series of twelve etchings, price 10 francs, to which at the time none but artists subscribed, and which now is not to be had. The copies will now fetch five times as much as the originals.

Daubigny (Charles François) was born in Paris on February 18, 1817. His father was a landscape, his uncle a miniature, painter; so that already, as a child, he played with the pencil and the brush. As was formerly often the case in the small Parisian families, his childhood was left very much to chance. Among them the desire to give their sons a good education dates no further back than the Revolution of 1830.

At fifteen the boy was painting the lids of Spa boxes and clock-ornaments. He was soon able to keep himself. Possessed with a wild longing, he and one of his companions, to see Italy, which was then still much talked of in the studios, they made a hole in the wall of their room and dropped

into it every halfpenny they could save out of their daily expenses. Bit by bit they collected, in two years, fourteen hundred francs!

Here I leave him for a while, until the time when he became acquainted with Trimolet, an artist who had a hard struggle both for life and fame, and finally died of misery and want. Amid the conflict of the Classical and Romantic schools, Trimolet had a clear vision of Realism—not our latter-day Realism, but that of the early Flemish painters. He drew a great many second-rate woodcuts simply as a means of livelihood; but I have seen both drawings and paintings by him which reveal a master's hand. He exercised a marked influence on a number of painters and sculptors who have made their way in the world, Meissonier, Daubigny, Steinheil, Pascal, and Geoffroy-Dechaume.

By him Daubigny was introduced to several publishers—to those of the Rue Saint-Jacques in the first place, who publish little pictures of saints, and afterwards to Curmer, who published the most curious books of the time (1840)—*Paul et Virginie*, *Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*, *La Pliade*, &c. Daubigny drew some hundreds of blocks for Hetzel, Bourdin, &c., which are very delicate and suitable for engraving, and the composition of which is very good. He was most successful in landscape, views of towns and castles—that being the line his natural talent took. M. Peulot's name is to be mentioned here as one of the engravers who did Daubigny's drawing the greatest justice. The day is sure to come when fine proofs from these blocks with a burnisher will be in the greatest request, as some of Lavoignat's wood-engravings from Meissonier and Raffet were.

Daubigny exhibited several etchings at the Salons of 1841 and 1845. He had revived and carefully studied a process, properly speaking never entirely lost, which had been revived and studied about the year 1830 by Paul Huet and Célestin Nanteuil without its, however, exciting much public interest. Daubigny began by engraving colourless and ineffective borders, with Trimolet, for *Chansons populaires illustrées*. They are not interesting, except as regards the composition, which is invariably clever. He did some much more important plates for Curmer's *Beaux-Arts* and several other publications. The trial proofs of these are now the rarest of all. His real talent, which seems to me very great, comes out in the two portfolios, of six plates each, which were published in 1851. In those he shows himself complete master of the process. He attacks the copper as freely as if he were drawing on paper with a pen. He varies the bite, as if he were touching up every point of an oil-painting. *Le lever de soleil*, *Les cerfs courant dans la forêt*, *Le Satyre*, *L'Ondée*, *La Plage de Villerville*, *Le Chant du Coq*, to mention only the most perfect, are works which display genuine poetic feeling, very correct execution, and that sweet, sober charm which is the distinctive peculiarity of French scenery and of those truthful pictures which the modern school has painted under the influence of its inspiration. Their success equalled all expectation. Artists bought them as soon as they were printed, and real amateurs added them to their collections and showed them to each other in private. They are as instinct with national genius as the Dutch etchings are.

I consider that Daubigny's talent at the time he did these was at its zenith. Much later, he published an album called *Le Voyage en bateau*. He had had a boat built, on which, with his son, he could remain stationary for weeks, and paint our beautiful river-scenery undisturbed. This album, of which the pieces are too like caricatures, and too hurriedly done, was originally intended only to be seen by friends.

Daubigny published beside some very violent etchings in *La Société des Aquafortistes*, such as *Le Parc à moutons*, *La Vendange*. I do not much admire this mode of attacking the copper with a big nail. J. F. Millet did it successfully, but

J. F. Millet's great knowledge of drawing, and his deep sympathy with the ruggedness and severity of the peasant's life threw the process itself into the shade. Many of the school have adopted the same style, but coarse strokes like these can only render the roughest sketch of the objects, and make it impossible for the artist to express gradations of distance, which no true etcher ever yet despised. Generally speaking, what is now published in this line is deplorable for pretentiousness and false strength.

Daubigny tried another process, by means of which singular effects are produced, but which was never adopted, except as an experiment by Corot, Millet, and a few others. You spread a thin coating of printing-ink over a sheet of glass, and sift over it an impalpable layer of white lead. You then lay the glass on black cloth and draw upon it with an etching-needle, as you would on a varnished and smoked copper-plate. The glass is then printed on sensitive paper, as you print a photographic plate.

This is but a slight sketch of M. Frédéric Heuriet's work. I must refer you to the book itself for details, on which great care has been bestowed. I have collected a large number of Daubigny's etchings, and shall now be able to class them with all the indications respecting the "states"—a pleasure which I hope more than one of my readers will also enjoy.

I should have preferred not to speak of an incident which produced some very strong feeling last week at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. But there is a question of principle at stake, and I must break silence.

You have already announced that M. Henri Lehmann was nominated on the death of Isidore Pils one of the three official Professors of Painting. Personally M. H. Lehmann is a most worthy gentleman. He is very rich, for he has painted a great number of portraits among the upper classes, and also—a characteristic trait—though himself a Jew, he has painted most of the high dignitaries of the Catholic Church. He is a finished diplomatist, as is proved by his polished manners, his penetrating glance, and his prudent speech. He is a naturalised Frenchman, and his earliest sentimental compositions, *Les Océanides pleurant sur le rocher de Prométhée*, and *Le Mariage de Tobias*, bore witness to his German extraction. He has experienced one of the keenest vexations to which an artist can be exposed, in seeing a series of decorations for the Salle des Fêtes, usually considered his master-piece, destroyed in the fire which consumed the Hôtel de Ville.

His nomination, to which the public would have preferred that of Baudry, has given great dissatisfaction to the pupils of Pils's studio, the superintendence of which he was about to assume. Some of them went to see him. He explained to them that he was about to put in vigour the doctrine of his master, Ingres, in all its purity. This declaration was far from appeasing them; on the contrary, many of them deserted the studio, and took their easels to M. Cabanel's—rather a poor consolation, if the truth must be told.

Will M. Lehmann be reduced to lecture like St. John the Baptist in the wilderness? The question does not concern us. But this incident shows how ill-judged the Empire was in creating these three studios of official painting, when, after the decree of 1863, it restored to the Academy all the privileges of which M. de Nieuwerkerke had so unwisely attempted to deprive it. In the first place, painting cannot be taught. But granting the State to admit this heresy, it should, at least, have been logical, and should have allowed the Academy alone, without any administrative control, to regulate such teaching on its own premises, and according to its own pleasure. The Academy would then have nominated whoever seemed good to itself, and would have had copied in its own way all that it itself considered most orthodox. By its side other independent studios might have opened, professed a different

doctrine, and fought with it on equal terms. Nothing of the sort has been the case. It is the "Commission Supérieure des Beaux Arts" which nominates the professors, and, as in the present case, brusquely chooses a painter of sanctities and sentimental reveries to succeed a painter of battle-pieces. No wonder the pupils are all at sea!

These official studios, though described as "free," have given a staggering blow to our school. It is very difficult to avoid passing through them, at all events by placing one's name on the registers, if not by actual attendance, when the student is ambitious of devoting himself at a later stage to monumental painting. Any artist would be very unfavourably regarded by ministerial bureaux and wealthy architects—all old winners of the "grand prix de Rome"—who solicited important commissions without putting on his card "formerly pupil of such and such a master." This qualification will also cause in time to come sore searchings of heart in the critics of the day. In turning over the catalogues of our Salons, they will see that all the painters from every part of France were pupils of MM. Cabanel, Gérôme, and Pils! Only the landscape-painters, poor despicable crew, will form a battalion of *francs-tireurs*.

M. Jules Claretie, the indefatigable writer, has just published a notice on J. B. Carpeaux (*Librairie Illustrée*) in a small 32mo volume. It is a very skilful collection of all the scattered facts in the newspaper articles which appeared on the death of the great sculptor. I see nothing of importance to add to what I wrote on the occasion of that deplorable event. Some of these anecdotes might well have been retrenched as being only journalistic gossip. They are excusable in an article written to order on the spur of the moment. Afterwards they should give place to criticism of facts or of ideas.

M. Claretie, for whose kindly nature I have a great esteem, should especially have left in the background the mournful revelations of Carpeaux' family affairs. He should either have passed them over altogether, save for the purpose of quoting what has been made public—such as the judgment which authorised the widow to take possession of her husband's body, and Carpeaux's will with its revelation of secret dramas—or else have boldly sided with one of the two parties. The truth is, I believe, this: Carpeaux, who had received no early education, lost his head with vanity when, after his first successes, he was presented at the Imperial Court. He repeatedly asked the Emperor to create him a baron. He married the daughter of General de Montfort in the hope that this alliance would help him to obtain his patent of nobility. The union between a woman of the world and an artist of a talent, indeed, refined and forcible, but coarse in language and habits, did not long maintain its harmony. Carpeaux used to drink to the last degree of intoxication, in the wine-shop, in the street, with his moulders and his models. Although a certain literary school has been trying for some years past to rehabilitate drunkenness, it is evident that, in the relations of life, drunkenness renders natures originally the gentlest violent and incapable of work. It is after all a form of mental malady.

M. Alexandre Dumas, whom hysterical devotees adopt as their confessor and angry husbands for their counsellor, is one of Carpeaux' executors.

At the moment of writing the exhibition of Barye's works is not open, but it will certainly be so when these lines are published by the ACADEMY. I made my way into the Ecole des Beaux-Arts while the last contributions were being received. They consisted of reduced models of some of his principal decorative works, equestrian statues of Napoleon I., pediments and groups from the new Louvre, animals, &c. There were also a great number of casts, executed from nature, of the paws, loins, and heads of dead lions and tigers at the

Jardin des Plantes. It all came from his own studio—casts full of stains and dust, fragments broken and glued together, a spectral company. I went away full of trouble. I had seen the ghost of Barye, mute and mournful, flitting in the midst of this cemetery of his work.

The exhibition will be very different. Beside the models in bronze or white plaster it will include a number of water-colours, original and masterly in their beauty. I knew Barye as well as one could know that stern, gloomy, and ironical personality, who, if I mistake not, had become yet more shy and sceptical since he had in some sort surrendered his talent to the Empire, and since he had gained admission to the Academy in the Academicians' despite. I shall speak of him at length in a future letter. He is one of the most eminent masters of modern statuary in any country, and his influence has made itself felt to good purpose in the art of industrial bronze-founding.

I was waiting to speak of the reorganisation of our exhibitions till the decree which is to make it public should have appeared in the *Journal Officiel*. I should then have told you all the criticisms for the present, and all the uneasiness for the future, to which this reorganisation gives rise. The decree has not appeared up to the moment of writing. But its chief provisions are sufficiently well-known for its general spirit to be perfectly determined. It is reactionary on all points. It places its seal upon the arrangements which gave over to the Academy and its pupils admission to the Salon and its prizes. It adds an official quinquennial exhibition. This reorganisation has been discussed and decreed by the "Commission Supérieure" established by M. Wallon at the Ministry of Fine-Arts, with the object of annulling the influence of the present Director of Fine-Arts, M. de Chennevières, who had irreparably compromised himself in the eyes of the Assembly and the Government by offering to artists the task of attending to their own material and moral interests for themselves. I told you some time since how decisively the artists refused M. de Chennevières' offers of independence, dignity, and fortune. They preferred with one consent to receive from the ministerial bureaux commissions, purchases or promises, instead of accepting the yearly management of their exhibitions, which always attract crowds of visitors. They are great losers by the new code of regulations, which, it should be added, was only carried by twelve votes to nine:—(1) Only two works by each artist will be received for the future; (2) Only members of the Institute, winners of Grandes Médailles, and holders of decorations, will be exempt from the jurisdiction of the hanging-committee; (3) The electoral body—that is, the body entrusted with the election of the jury—will next year be composed of artists "exempted" at preceding Salons. It is promised that in subsequent Salons all the artists shall take part in the election. But these promises are like those in the sphere of politics which hold out the prospect that the state of siege will be raised. Some revolutionary production is sure to present itself, which will prove how seriously moral painting is menaced. The quinquennial exhibition is too distant to be very menacing.

What is to be regretted is, not the modification, sensible or insensible, which this code of regulations will produce in Salons, the monotony of which is becoming from year to year more palpable; it is that in a country whose citizens are so little accustomed to combine as they are in ours these administrative regulations make the public believe that the Government has at last found the principles of a free constitution, and that they render impossible the organisation of any rival exhibition on a liberal basis.

PH. BURTY.

NOTES ON AN OLD PICTURE GALLERY.

A DOCUMENT of some value in showing the progress of the fine arts in this country is to be found among the Treasury Records of the seventeenth century; and in duplicate among the Additional MSS. in the British Museum, an account of which will serve to supplement the particulars we were able to give last year of the pictures of Charles I. It is a return of the Sheriffs of London, Sir Edward Clarke and Sir Francis Child, to a writ commanding them to take possession and an inventory of the goods and chattels of John Drummond, Earl of Melfort, outlawed for high treason. Melfort, it will be remembered, was one of James's secretaries, shared his master's fortunes in Ireland, and afterwards for many years at St. Germain was entrusted with the management of the exiled monarch's affairs. The inquisition was made February 10, 1690, at the sign of the Castle in Paternoster Row, but there is no further clue to the Earl's residence given. The inventory drawn up then is mainly noticeable for its curious catalogue of pictures.

These are some 140 in number, and we notice the following of them put down to Vandyck, thus:—

- "A hole length of Vandyke . . . 40l.
- "A head of Van Dyke . . . 10l.
- "two heads in black & white of Vandyke . . . 2l.
- "four ditto . . . 4l.
- "A young Moses in the Reeds of Van Dyke . . . 30l."

There is also one marked

- "King Charles Children after Vandyke . . . 10l."

Of William Dobson, an imitator of Vandyck, and introduced by him to Charles I., we meet with the following specimen:—

- "Prince Robert [Rupert?], &c., of Dobson . . . 20l."
- Other artists are thus mentioned:—
- "A flower piece of Verelst . . . 4l.
- "Count Rochford of Hobens painting . . . 12l."

If this is to be understood as a portrait by Holbein of Anne Boleyn's unfortunate brother, the small money value placed upon it is somewhat remarkable. We have next:—

- "A peice of Elshamor [Adam Elsheimer?] . . . 9l.
- "The Tent of Derias [Darius?], after Le Brune . . . 5l."

Charles Lebrun, a French artist, though of Scottish extraction, was famous, we remember, for his paintings of Alexander's battles:—

- "St. Lawrence after Leure (*sic*) . . . 4l.
- "A peice after Bassan . . . 5l.
- "Cavalcad of Vander Mulen . . . 15l.
- "Head of Anthony Moore . . . 5l."

Sir Antonio More, we imagine, is here meant—a native of Utrecht, who was engaged in portrait painting in England during Mary's reign, and at her death followed her husband Philip to Spain.

- "A Dominican of Kneller . . . 5l.
- "A head of Holbin . . . 10l.
- "A Landskipp of Vosterman . . . 2l. 10s.
- "A halfe length Earle of Perth of Kneller . . . 8l.
- "An Exe homo after Bassan . . . 5l.
- "Queene Dowager att length by Mr. Houseman . . . 10l."

James Houseman or Huysman, a native of Antwerp, was a portrait and historical painter of some note, who died in London in 1696.

Among the subjects attributed to no particular artist are:—

- "St. Sebastian by an Itallian hand . . . 7l.
- "Our Saviour and Nicodemus . . . 3l.
- "Susanna and the 2 elders . . . 4l.
- "Another . . . 6l.
- "Paris & the 3 Goddesses . . . 6l.

- "Another . . . 12l.
- "A peice of Bores a fighting . . . 8l.
- "A Boy with a Glass of Clarrett . . . 10l.
- "A Venus and Cupid . . . 13l.
- "Our Saviour Dead . . . 15l.
- "A Night peice . . . 12l.
- "A halfe length of King Charles 2^d . . . 8l.
- "A halfe length of Lord Milford . . . 5l.
- "Ditto Lady Milford . . . 6l.
- "A landskipp with figures . . . 15l.
- "Contry people merry . . . 3l. 10s.
- "Dives & Lazarus . . . 15l.
- "Lord Melforts picture in his robes . . . 8l.
- "A large peice of our Saviour and Samaritan . . . 5l.
- "A large Battle . . . 30l."

Altogether the pictures were valued at 813l. 5s. The Library, or, as the valuers preferred to call it, "A parcell of books bound," contained 117 folios, ninety-five quartos, ninety-three octavos, and 178 small books, supposed to be worth 41l. 6s. 6d.

An inventory of the Earl's furniture and miscellaneous goods is also given in the schedule, some items of which, if it fell within our present purpose to quote them, would illustrate curiously enough the household arrangements of that age. It is sufficient to note that the picture-gallery was considered by far the most valuable portion of the personality, being put down at the amount above stated, while books and furniture together do not reach a figure equal to a quarter of that sum.

J. J. CARTWRIGHT.

ART SALES.

THE prices obtained at a sale at the Hôtel Drouot on the 15th show that ancient textile fabrics are becoming every day more sought after by amateurs. A small carpet of grosseille silk, embroidered in coloured silks and gold, 500 fr.; pluvial, or large cope, of garnet-coloured velvet richly embroidered, bearing a double-headed heraldic eagle, from the cathedral at Bruges, 800 fr.; band of unbleached linen, richly embroidered in grosseille silk, with floral ornaments, 300 fr.; two bands of scarlet velvet with flowers and ornaments in coloured silks, gold and silver, of Renaissance design, 290 fr.; two portières of scarlet velvet, decorated with applications of gold lama and spangles, in the centre a shield surmounted by a cardinal's hat, 405 fr.; coverlet of unbleached linen, embroidered in rose-coloured silk with flowers, scrolls and birds, and bearing in the centre the double-headed imperial eagle, 500 fr.; coverlet of yellow silk, embroidered with coloured silks, 410 fr.; another of gros-bleu silk, embroidered with horsemen, flowers, &c., in coloured silks, 700 fr.; another of unbleached linen, embroidered with coloured silks, 720 fr.; suite of four pieces of tapestry, Louis XVI. period, with La Fontaine's fables in medallions, 2,600 fr.; tapestry, Louis XIV. period, representing Winter, figured by skaters upon a Dutch canal, 1,210 fr.; Renaissance tapestry, with hunting subjects and rich border, 905 fr.; tapestry of the sixteenth century, with Scripture subjects, rich border of flowers and fruit, 510 fr.; another similar, 435 fr.; ancient Oriental carpet, yellow pattern on red ground, 375 fr.

THE important sales at the Hôtel Drouot will begin this season, as they ended the last, with the extensive collections of M. Couvreur, the well-known dealer, whose taste and judgment in all objects of arts are sufficient guarantee for their being genuine.

On the 17th began the first sale at Messrs. Christie and Manson's, consisting of a collection of Japanese and Chinese porcelain and earthenware, the property of Mr. Waite. There were specimens of most of the known manufactures, collected during his residence in Japan, but the prices obtained were very inadequate. The specimens now sent over are so much deteriorated from the old ware as to find little favour in the

eyes of the collector. Nor is it matter of surprise if one compares, for instance, the old Satzuma ware exhibited in 1867, its beautiful delicate hue, called by the French "ventre de biche," with its pale, colourless prototype of to-day; or the rich red of the Kutani ware, so minutely pencilled in gold, with the coarse, ill-executed decoration of the ship-loads now imported. Of the Kutani ware, three bottles and two dishes sold for 5*l.* 15*s.*; a deep dish with figures, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; bowl and cover, with two other pieces, 7*g.*s.; two bowls with figures, a plate and cup, old and rich, 15*l.*; three dishes, 5*l.* 10*s.*; and a pair of large dishes with subjects in medallions, 9*g.*s.; three figures of white Owari ware, 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; a square dark blue stand with pierced centre, Ruri ware, 2*l.* 4*s.*; a pair of porcelain basins, the outsides decorated to imitate cloisonné enamel, 2*g.*s.; four grotesque figures, Bizen ware, 2*l.* 16*s.*; group of a man, children, and dogs seated on a drum, old Imari ware, 3*g.*s.; pear-shaped bottle, with cranes, old Awata ware, and three others, 11*g.*s.; turquoise jar with purple ornaments, in slight relief, Kochi ware, 2*l.* 18*s.*

NOTES AND NEWS.

AMONG portraits to be offered this day for sale by Messrs. Christie and Co., we notice a few which would make interesting additions to our National Portrait Gallery. Chief of them is one of the witty and dissipated John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, "in a cuirass and crimson robe with white sleeves and lace scarf," said to have been painted by Sir Peter Lely for an ancestor of the late Miss Warre, of Hestercomb, Taunton. Holbein's Galen; Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Mary, Duchess of Gloucester; Kneller's portrait of Anne's insignificant husband, Prince George of Denmark; and Leslie's Miss Stephens, Countess of Essex, are also noteworthy. By a remarkable coincidence, Dobson's "Portrait of Prince Rupert" also appears in the catalogue, a work mentioned in another column as having formed part of Lord Melfort's gallery nearly two centuries ago.

A FINE collection of engraved English and Foreign Portraits will be on view next week at Messrs. Sotheby and Co.'s, previous to their sale under the hammer. It includes specimens of Wenceslaus Hollar's best work, such as the portraits, after Holbein, of Henry Guldforde, Lady Jane Seymour, and Katharine of Aragon; after Titian, of Giovanni della Casa and Pietro Aretino; Marguerite Lemon and Queen Henrietta Maria, after Vandyck. Among portraits after Sir Joshua Reynolds may be seen those of James, Earl of Kildare, Admiral Rodney, Soame Jenyns, General Elliott, Sir William Hamilton, the Duke of Cumberland, Sir Joshua himself, and many others. Lely and Kneller are perhaps still more largely represented by engravings from portraits done by them of the celebrities of their day. A notable work of art, too, by William de Passe, and of the utmost rarity, is the engraving of James I. on a throne, surrounded by his family, with the superscription, "Triumphus Jacobi Regis augustaeque ipsius prolis," and some verses in English underneath. Earlom, Faber, Valentine Green, Simon, Tompson, Vertue, and other artists of repute figure in this collection, which has been formed by a foreign connoisseur.

AN excellent photograph of E. Boehm's statue of Thomas Carlyle has just been published by Mr. J. Hedderly, of Chelsea.

THE statue of the late Prince Consort which, after many delays and mishaps, has at last been successfully cast by Messrs. Prince, of Southwark Street, was removed from their casting-yard last week to Hyde Park, and will at once be placed, it is stated, in its destined position on the Albert Memorial.

ON the proposition of the French Minister of War, says the *Chronique*, a bronze statue is to be erected to Général de Gribeauval in the centre of

one of the courts of the Hôtel des Invalides in front of the new Musée d'Artillerie, of which De Gribeauval may be considered the founder.

THE Chilean International Exhibition now open at Santiago, however important it may be in other respects, does not seem to be remarkable for its picture-galleries. The display, it is said, of all works of fine-art is very poor, but at the time of the opening the arrangements were very incomplete, and many of the works then hung would have to give way, it was supposed, to others of greater merit that had not arrived in time. For instance, some 200 works of art were still expected from Italy. Several Chilean artists exhibit.

A THIRD edition of M. Champfleury's important work on Ceramics, *L'Histoire des Faïences sous la Révolution*, will shortly be published by the firm of Dentu in Paris. It will be enriched by several new chapters and new illustrations.

A BRONZE bust of Antoine Vestier has just been added to the collection in the French Institute.

THE Society of the "Amis des Arts de Lyon" will open its annual exhibition on January 7, 1876.

GERMAN critics speak very highly of a painting entitled *Home Happiness*, by a young and hitherto unknown artist, named Bruno Piglheim. It represents simply a happy married couple in a comfortable interior surrounded by a number of blooming children and cheerful servants—not a very exalted theme, but one which is sure to be popular, appealing as it does to the domestic sympathies of mankind. Although treated entirely as a genre subject, *Home Happiness* is of colossal dimensions, the figures being nearly life-size, and a large number being introduced. The effect is said to be most striking, the treatment masterly and the broad bold execution of the new painter to resemble that of no less a master than Franz Hals. "With Piglheim," says one reviewer, "a fresh force has entered the arena of painting which will make itself felt in many battles."

A PRIZE has been awarded by the Belgian Academy to Karl Marchal for his *History of Sculpture in Belgium in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*.

AMONG the purchases made this year for the National Gallery in Berlin, the German papers mention the following as being the most important:—*Young Germany*, a painting by Karl Hertel, of Düsseldorf; *The Widower*, painting by Otto Gunther, of Weimar; *At Pasture*, painting by Wilhelm Kühling, of Berlin; *Hunting Scene in the Time of Louis XV.*, by M. Gierzinski; *The Rose*, painting by Moritz von Schwind; *The Emperor Nicolas of Russia*, oil sketch by Kruger; *A Dancing Satyr and a Dancing Bacchante*, bronze statues by Karl Echtermeyer, of Dresden; *Maternal Love*, marble group by Professor Schulz, of Berlin; and *Mercury and Psyche*, in marble, by the sculptor Reinhold Begas, of Berlin, from his much-admired clay-model of the subject recently exhibited at the Berlin Academy. Beside these purchases numerous commissions have been given to German artists for works of art to adorn the new gallery.

AN important national exhibition of works of art and industry will be held at Munich next year to celebrate the jubilee of the "Kunst-gewerbe-Verein." It will be opened on June 15, and will comprehend an exhibition of paintings by old German masters and other works of ancient German art, and a modern section, including industrial art and art applied to educational purposes.

AN interesting biographical and critical sketch of Thomas Seddon by P. G. Hamerton appears in the last two numbers of *L'Art*. "The name of Thomas Seddon is probably entirely unknown in France," says Mr. Hamerton, "and even in England it is far from being celebrated." So far, indeed, that we could have wished that this appre-

ciative critique had been bestowed upon an English rather than upon a French journal. Except to artists and connoisseurs, the works of this artist, who died at the age of thirty-five at Cairo in 1856, are very little known. Several of his weird landscapes in Egypt and in Palestine are reproduced as illustrations to the articles.

UNLIKE most French journals, which generally ignore the existence of English art altogether, *L'Art* not only deigns to notice it, but devotes a large proportion of its columns to making its merits and peculiarities known to French readers. We have before mentioned the articles on the last Royal Academy Exhibition and the excellent illustrations that accompanied them, and would now draw attention to a capital series on Contemporary English Caricature, by Victor Champier. In the current number he gives a slight sketch of the early history of *Punch*, and repeats many *mots* of its contributors well-known to English readers, but which will doubtless be new on the other side of the Channel. Though, without the philosophic insight of Taine into the delicate shades and national peculiarities of our English wit and humour, M. Champier yet writes of it with hearty sympathy and appreciation.

FOUR large panel-paintings of an entirely peculiar order of merit have recently been finished by the Belgian artist, M. Van Moer, for his Majesty the King of the Belgians. An amusing anecdote is told concerning the *raison d'être* of these pictures. It appears that they were a commission from the King for the decoration of a certain gallery or staircase in the royal castle of Ciergnon, but that the unfortunate artist on going to see this gallery was dismayed to find that it was lit by a sort of dim twilight that only allowed objects to be very imperfectly visible. On remonstrating with the King on these unfavourable conditions for his paintings, he was answered:—"Yes, Sir, I know the gallery is dark; but I count on your pictures to lighten it." This, then, is the object the painter has had in view, and he is said to have succeeded wonderfully. In the dark his paintings—views of Venice—stand out with truly marvellous effect. Whether they will bear the light of day is perhaps doubtful.

THE Municipal Council of Valenciennes have bestowed a piece of ground for the erection of a monument to Carpeaux, and have resolved that a national subscription shall immediately be entered upon for defraying the expenses of this monument. M^{me}. Carpeaux has informed the mayor that she is desirous of contributing to it by the gift of a work of her husband's. The body of the great sculptor will be carried to Valenciennes, it is supposed, this month.

AN exhibition of the works of M. Pils will be held in the course of next January, at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Some of his most important pictures, *The Battle of the Alma*, *The Landing in the Crimea*, and *Prayer at the Hospital*, &c., will be lent for the exhibition.

THE death of the well-known German illustrator, Theodor Hosemann, took place lately in Berlin. Hosemann was especially an artist for children, some of his most charming productions being his illustrations to Grimm's and other fairy tales.

THE STAGE.

MR. PHELPS AS CARDINAL WOLSEY.

THE return of Mr. Phelps, who is unfortunately only to be seen at present at the Gaiety Saturday morning performances, affords another opportunity to all who are interested in the stage of studying acting of the highest kind. The play selected is *Henry VIII.*, which is now generally regarded as the latest work of Shakspeare—that is, so far as his hand is traceable in it; for the opinion that great part of this play was the production of Fletcher—originally merely a notion of Mr. Tennyson's on scarcely any other guidance than that of an

ear incomparably well tuned to niceties of rhythm—may now be considered to be established by the painstaking analysis and varied tests of many independent scholars. There is ground almost for a homily on the vanity of criticism in the total absence even of any doubt of the authenticity of the entire play among editors and Shakspeare critics down to a very recent time. It has been asserted that certain passages would have evidenced the superiority of Shakspeare's genius "had he never written another line;" yet the very passages thus referred to are among those which it is now generally agreed were Fletcher's contribution. Although this play, however, on the whole, and with the exception of the masterly portraiture of the Queen, the King and Cardinal Wolsey, is more adapted for its manifest purpose of displaying theatrical pageantry than for a vehicle for the talents of the actors, nearly every great tragic actress has been ambitious of moving audiences in the noble and pathetic part of Katharine, and certainly no great serious actor has regarded the character of the Cardinal as beneath his powers. Its very paucity of action and lack of aid from anything like skilful intrigue have, perhaps, even contributed to render it attractive to performers who are conscious of their power of reaching the sympathies of their hearers by the more subtle qualities of the player's difficult art. This play was one of the long list of revivals of old poetical dramas for which Mr. Phelps's management of Sadler's Wells Theatre was honourably distinguished: but it was not played by him as other Shaksperian plays were, with scrupulous regard to the text. There had always been an acting-version which had been looked upon as equally useful, whether because the manager had a passable Katharine or "a good Wolsey" among his company, or because a recent accession to the throne had directed the public mind to the subject of Coronations. It was on this latter ground that *Henry VIII.* was performed at Drury Lane shortly after the accession of George II., when Colley Cibber was deemed a sufficiently good representative of Wolsey, for the chief object was to render the Coronation scene, as far as possible, a fac-simile of the Coronation of the new King. One thousand pounds—a very large sum in those times—are said to have been expended on this revival; and it is noted, as an extraordinary circumstance, that the play was performed for twenty nights before the public curiosity was satisfied. Mr. Charles Kean's revival of the same play at the Princess's Theatre just twenty years ago restored much of the text which the Kembles and their predecessors had been accustomed to omit; and Mr. and Mrs. Kean won much applause in the characters of Wolsey and Queen Katharine; but the spectacular features of that revival were ostentatiously put forward as a claim to public favour, great stress being laid on the pains that had been taken to render the costumes and all other accessories strictly historical. Mr. Phelps, though he has never been indifferent to the aid of the scene-painter, or even of the machinist and stage-carpenter, when this aid is duly subordinated to poetical effect, has not treated *Henry VIII.* in this way—probably because he has felt that its claims to the admiration of an intellectual audience lay chiefly in the powerfully-contrasted characters of its three leading personages. At the Gaiety he appears in an acting-version, from which the last two acts have been mercilessly cut away—the play thus ending with the fall of Wolsey. In this form the drama necessarily wears a certain unfinished air; but the remainder, when performed with any approach to completeness, has always been found rather wearisome to audiences; and admirers of Shakspeare may be consoled by the fact that, save one short scene, little doubt is now entertained that the whole of this excised portion was from another hand.

It was satisfactory to observe how many distinguished actors and actresses were present among the occupants of the stalls and boxes at

the Gaiety on this occasion. For a young and ambitious performer there is no more instructive study than can be derived from observing closely the means by which Mr. Phelps in this part holds an easy command over the imaginations and the feelings of the audience. The spectator who merely gives himself up to the pleasure to be derived from the truth and beauty of the performance would probably find it difficult afterwards to say in what particulars lies the secret of this power. Nor is it even by careful watching to be easily detected at all times. The actor has to indicate power and prosperity almost unexampled, in its height and its sudden collapse, and to supplement this by a grand resignation and dignified self-possession not less striking. Even the meditative Prince of Denmark has his great "chances," as the actors say, his outbursts of fury, his displays of picturesque action; and he is the central figure of a story which is always more or less moving on to an end. Wolsey is seen only as the all-powerful Churchman influencing others by his inborn strength of will, the dignity of his character, the habitual consciousness of power. When he falls, the fall is terrible; but its effects are revealed not so much from without as from within. If a character so majestic in spite of its failings as the dramatist—whether Shakspeare or Fletcher be the inspiring genius—has here drawn had not exhibited, even under a reverse of fortune so sudden and tremendous, something above the common type of ruined favourites, the portrait would have been wanting in consistency and completeness; but this something is to be found almost entirely in spoken words, which, full as they are of nobility and pathos, could have but little effect in the mouth of a performer lacking either imagination or the subtlest resources of his art. It is herein that this great actor's power is most conspicuous. In the sovereign quality of sincerity of utterance Mr. Phelps is not even approached by any living rival. It is customary to speak of this rare attribute as consisting chiefly in "justness of emphasis;" and this is correct enough if we take the term in its largest sense and not in the narrow meaning which actors are in the habit of attaching to it. It is not merely that there is some word in a line or a passage which more than another requires emphasising to make the meaning clear. When a speaker is uttering his own words with any degree of warmth or feeling, there are nice shades of pressure throughout his sentences which give to his utterances that quality which is known as "speaking in earnest." To impart without perceptible effort to simulated emotions, and to lines acquired by rote, this stamp and outward sign of real passion is one of the most difficult of all the actor's attainments; and it is probably impossible without a fine imagination and an ear cultivated with this special object. Over and above this there are the delicate variations of tone which changing moods of mind and feeling produce. When it is considered that even the presence of these qualities will leave in the mind of an educated listener a feeling of something wanting unless the actor in speaking verse can at the same time satisfy the sense of rhythm, it becomes obvious that it is in his speech that the greater part of the art of the actor really lies. What is technically known as "elocution" on the stage is a widely different thing, its qualities being almost entirely conventional; while the tones which convey a sincerity that even the uneducated are quick to feel are deeply seated in nature. For example, Mr. Ryder, a coarse actor, apparently deficient in imagination, enjoys a reputation for elocutionary powers; and no notion of the worthlessness of this spurious art could be given so easily as it could be got by comparing the delivery of this gentleman with that of Mr. Phelps. Mr. Irving is certainly not an "elocutionist" in this sense; but when the relief which playgoers have felt in finding a new actor who breaks up old tradition shall have been succeeded by a calm view of his powers, it will be seen how greatly de-

ficient he is in the quality of tone and emphasis so managed as to touch the heart and imagination of his hearers. Even these requisites, it is true, would in great measure fail to impress without command of attitude and gesture, soberly and moderately used as well as appropriate. All this is conspicuous in Mr. Phelps's Wolsey; and there is yet another quality, only to be thoroughly appreciated in a survey of the whole performance—that is, proportion in the employment of all the actor's resources. An action, a gesture, a tone may in itself be true, and yet, if not employed as part of a harmonious design, may mar instead of helping the actor's object. For a performance like that of Mr. Phelps in the part of Wolsey is set, like a piece of music, in a certain key, and all its parts stand in some relation to each other. It is a common fault of inferior performers to overload every passage with action and emphasis, till, like a letter which is underscored in every sentence, the peculiarities trouble the eye while they have ceased to arrest the attention. Most great results on the stage, in serious parts, are achieved by moderation in the strain on the attention until the moment arrives for penetrating more deeply into the feeling and sympathy of the audience. The human mind, in fact, is incapable of being kept by fictitious scenes in a permanent state of tension; and the attempt to attain this impossible end necessarily defeats its own object.

Mr. Phelps will appear again in the character of Wolsey this afternoon, supported, as before, by Mrs. Calvert, as Queen Katharine, Mr. Harcourt, as Buckingham, and Mr. Clayton, as King Henry. Those who have the good fortune to be present would do well to note particularly the changes of tone—never too broadly marked, but always full of significance—with which he passes from calm contempt to nettled pride and involuntary sarcasm in the scene with the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk and the Earl of Surrey, when these noblemen come to taunt him in his disgrace and to enjoy the spectacle of his downfall. Few can fail to feel the power with which the great Cardinal's unabated superiority over those around him is indicated in the countenance and in the whole bearing of the actor while uttering the lines:—

"How much, methinks, I could despise this man
But that I am bound in charity against it."

The retort—

"If I blush

It is to see a nobleman want manners,"

is a rather perilous commonplace of colloquial encounters; but Mr. Phelps—who here turns away from his assailants in token of declining further words—speaks this passage with a depth of quiet contempt in the voice that renders it one of the most effective of his speeches. Throughout the performance there is no fuming or chafing; no petty explosions like those by which some actors strive incessantly to gain attention; no undue raising of the voice at any point. It is only in speaking the famous last words, beginning

"Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell,

Had I but served my God . . ."

that the old man's grand self-possession, resignation, and chastened but unbroken spirit, give way in a passionate outburst, which carries with it all hearts. It would be so evil an omen for the future of the stage if this beautiful performance should fail to obtain due recognition that I am glad to be able to record the fact that never was an audience more closely packed, more attentive, or more enthusiastic than that which had gathered at the Gaiety on Saturday last to welcome Mr. Phelps's return. MOX THOMAS.

Plot and Passion, a well-constructed and interesting drama by Mr. Tom Taylor, has been revived for a few nights at the Olympic, with Mr. Anson, Miss Carlotta Leclercq, and Mr. Harcourt in the leading characters. The performance is necessarily unsatisfactory to those who remember the

appearance of Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Alfred Wigan, Mr. Emery, and the late Mr. Robson, in this play some years ago. The revival, however, is manifestly only designed to bridge over the brief space between the withdrawal of the *Ticket of Leave Man* and the production here of Mr. W. S. Wills' *Buckingham*. An after-piece with an outlandish title now performing at this theatre is only remarkable for its attempt to extract humour out of the oddities of a comic Welshman, whose labials are uncertain, and whose pockets are full of green leeks. The eccentricities of the Welsh seem to have been relished on the stage in Elizabethan times; though their frequent recurrence in Shakspeare may have been due to the proximity of the poet's birthplace and home to the Welsh-speaking borders. Doubtless, the traditional feud between the English and the inhabitants of the Principality then added a zest to this kind of sport—just as the lean and shoulder-shrugging "mounseer" afforded pleasure to the patriotic British playgoer in later times. All this feeling, however, if it once existed, has vanished now; and though Mr. Anson mimics very skilfully the accent of North Wales, and besprinkles his dialogue freely with such ejaculations as "Deed to goodness!" and "Yes, indeed," the spectators, as a rule, only stare and listen in mournful silence.

MR. GILBERT's new fairy-comedy, entitled *Broken Hearts*, is in active preparation at the Court Theatre, where it will be produced on December 9. It is in three acts and in blank verse. The characters are remarkably few; the interest is of a pathetic character, without any attempt to relieve it by the conventional interpolation of humorous scenes; and the ending is distinctly tragic. Miss Bessie Hollingshead will sustain the character of the heroine.

MISS NELLY FARREN has returned to the Gaiety after a long absence as a member of one of Mr. Hollingshead's peripatetic companies. She appeared on Monday evening in Mr. Tom Taylor's comedietta *Our Clerks*, in which Mr. Toole, whose humour is never seen to more advantage than in this piece, performs his old part.

So much importance nowadays is attached to strict historical accuracy on the stage that it is perhaps not at all surprising that the question of the propriety of the portraits which appear on the walls—supposed to be those of the Green Room of Covent Garden Theatre—in the first scene of *Masks and Faces* at the Prince of Wales's has given rise to much private discussion between critics and managers. Would it be likely, it has been asked, that Rich, then the manager and autocrat of Covent Garden, would hang on his walls portraits of Mrs. Pritchard and Garrick? As an abstract question, this would perhaps be deemed to depend on the period. The date of the novelette on which the play is founded is vaguely stated to be "about the middle of the last century;" and from certain internal evidence the period of the play may be assumed to be about 1750. At that time it is true that Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard were members of the rival company, under Lacy, at Drury Lane; but Mr. Bancroft is understood to have urged that Rich, though a harlequin, might be assumed to have sufficient magnanimity of soul to have remembered that both these distinguished performers had served under his banner as late as 1747. But then the pictures represented are well-known theatrical scenes painted by Dance and Zoffany, who were both born about 1735, and presumptively, therefore, were little boys at school in 1747. The average playgoer, however, is not likely to be distressed by considerations of this kind; though he may possibly think it odd that Aaron Hill's *Prompter* should be quoted in the Green Room of Covent Garden as if it were something fresh in 1750; and few who know anything of the history of the stage can fail to be startled at hearing "Mistress Margaret Woffington" described as

"an ex-orange wench" of the Goodman's Fields Theatre. But these are matters which concern the authors only.

THERE have been two revivals of popular burlesques during the last few days—Mr. Burnand's *Black Eyed Susan* at the Opéra Comique, and the burlesque of *Blue Beard* at the Globe. The former, which is well remembered for its enormous success at the Royalty, seems to have pleased rather by reason of its unbridled absurdity than from any more intellectual quality. Mr. Dewar's gigantic epaulettes, however, appear to give as much delight as ever, and the song and chorus with the refrain "Captain Crosstree is my name," as heretofore, only ceases to be repeated when the performers are weary of acknowledging encores. In this piece Mr. Danvers again shows how potent is the spectacle of an actor in petticoats in awakening demonstrations of satisfaction; though some spectators possibly feel more joy in the contemplation of Miss Oliver's genuine vivacity and grace. *Blue Beard*, at the Globe, has been too recently performing to require more than a mention. It is reproduced with all its previous splendours, and has still the advantage of the services of Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Edouin—though the latter gentleman's performance of the "Heathen Chinese" is much too deliberately overwrought to be amusing on a second visit.

M. SARDOU's new comedy produced at the Gymnase bears the title of *Ferréol*, and, like *Les Pattes de Mouches* and other pieces of the same author, is founded on a notion which is rather slight when regarded as the germ of a comedy in four acts. The action, it is true, is maintained with spirit throughout; but this result is achieved by rather arbitrary expedients. By way of foundation there is nothing but the fact that the hero Ferréol de Mairan is by accident a witness of a murder; but is, for some time, prevented from denouncing the assassin, although an innocent man is in danger of conviction, because in so doing he would be compelled to state how he came to be in a position to see what he had seen, and because this must necessarily involve a lady in compromising revelations. It has been remarked that the notion is not new, at least in narrative fiction, and that it seems to have been first suggested by the *cause célèbre* known as the *procès Fualdes*. In the hands of M. Sardou it can hardly be said to form part of any regular plan. It simply grows into four acts by the new and unexpected turns which are assumed by the situation of affairs from time to time. The piece, however, is acknowledged to be amusing, and there are some strong dramatic scenes, and much amusing satire on *la vie provinciale*. The part of the hero Ferréol is sustained by M. Worms, who has taken recently a high position on the French stage in characters of the kind associated with the name of M. Delaunay. The ladies seem to have given less satisfaction, though rather by reason of the ungrateful nature of their parts than from shortcomings of their own. M. Barrière's new comedy, entitled *Les Scandales d'hier*, at the Vaudeville, passed fairly through the ordeal of a first night in spite of the perils of a dull first act which is occupied by incidents that have neither significance nor interest until they are suddenly discovered, later on, to have an important influence on the peace and happiness of the heroine. It is a story of a young lady, reader or companion in a noble family, who marries a young nobleman, and is subsequently rendered miserable by the slanders of offended relatives and jealous rivals. The main incident of the first act then for the first time comes into play. The young lady in her "companion" days had been startled by seeing a man escaping from a window of her room. He was, in fact, the lover of her mistress; but, as no clue was obtained to the mystery, the incident remained unexplained. This is the circumstance which, having come to the knowledge of the enemies of the heroine, is used against her. Scandals are abroad, and to

crown her troubles her husband is hence involved in duels. The remainder of the plot consists of the efforts of the lady to recall all the circumstances of that forgotten incident, and to clear herself from the base imputations with which she is assailed. The dialogue of the piece is remarkable for spirit and high finish, and some of the scenes are endowed with a strong interest. The reception of the comedy, however, in spite of the acting of Berton, Mdle. Pierson, and Mdle. Massin, was hardly enthusiastic; though the piece is generally regarded as successful.

MUSIC.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE performance at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last of one of Schubert's manuscript symphonies was the more welcome as it is very seldom that an opportunity of hearing them is afforded. Of the nine symphonies (including the unfinished ones in E major and B minor) which Schubert wrote, only two are published in a complete shape. These are the last great symphony in C (No. 9) which Schumann was the first to rescue from oblivion, and the unfinished work in B minor, No. 8, of which only the first two movements are complete. Two others—the so-called "Tragic" symphony (No. 4) in C minor, and the fifth in B flat—are published as pianoforte duets by Peters of Leipzig, and the Crystal Palace Company has in its library a nearly complete set of manuscript scores of the series; but to musicians in general they are inaccessible. Yet such masterpieces as the two symphonies in B minor and C naturally excite curiosity as to their predecessors. One feels instinctively that Schubert could not have obtained at once such complete mastery of the highest form of composition as that which is shown in the works just named; and even if his earlier symphonic efforts had possessed nothing more than a historical interest they would still be worthy of an occasional hearing. As a matter of fact, however, they abound in beauties, and though we do not find in them the Schubert of the "Rosamunde," of the great quartet in D minor, or of the Mass in E flat, they yet contain within themselves the germs of their composer's later style.

The work selected for performance last Saturday was the fifth symphony, in B flat. It had been only once previously given at the Crystal Palace, on February 1, 1873. It differs from the rest of the series in being written for only a small orchestra. The wind instruments employed are: one flute, two oboes, two bassoons, and two horns. The score is thus identical with that of Mozart's symphony in G minor, and of many of Haydn's. The original manuscript bears the date "September, 1816;" the composer was, therefore, in the twentieth year of his age. In its general characteristics the symphony bears considerable resemblance to the style of Mozart, and, in the Finale, of Haydn. There is more lightheartedness and less depth and passion than are to be met with in Schubert's later works. It is in the charming Andante that most individuality is perceptible; several of the sudden modulations here are very characteristic of the author. As a whole, however, the work breathes the spirit of his great predecessors. It abounds in charming melodies, and is full of grace and delicacy; but any one who heard it without knowing the name of the composer would, as a whole, hardly attribute it to Schubert. Its performance under the direction of Mr. Manns left nothing to desire.

At the same concert Mdme. Essipoff made her first appearance this season at the Crystal Palace, playing Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, and solos by Chopin, Liszt, and Leschetizky. A finer performance of Mendelssohn's well-known and always popular work could not be wished for than that given by Mdme. Essipoff on this occasion. The last movement was taken at a tremendous pace.

but clearness was never lost, and the whole reading was full of fire and spirit in no ordinary degree. In her short solos the lady was no less successful, her performance of Chopin's Nocturne in D flat being given with wonderful taste and delicacy. The overtures on Saturday were those to the *Freischütz* and *Egmont*; and the vocalists were Mdm. Patey, who brought forward a new and interesting air from Massenet's oratorio *Marie Madeleine* and a song by Mr. Barnby, and Miss Sophie Löwe, who gave "Und ob die Wolke" from *Der Freischütz* and the two songs from *Egmont*.

This afternoon's concert will include a revival of some interest. One of Handel's organ concertos has been arranged for piano and full orchestra by M. Mortier de Fontaine, and is to be played by that gentleman. The experiment is a novel one; how far it will succeed can only be proved by the test of performance. **Ebenezer Prout.**

Mdme. Norman-Néruda made her first appearance this season at the Monday Popular Concerts last Monday evening, selecting for her first piece Mozart's quartett in C, the sixth of the set dedicated to Haydn, and one of its composer's most mature and beautiful works. The performance, in which the lady was supported by Messrs. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Pezze, was an excellent one, though its enjoyment was much marred (at least, for those who sat near the entrances of St. James's Hall) by the nuisance of late arrivals. For a solo Mdm. Norman-Néruda gave F. W. Rust's interesting, though old-fashioned, violin sonata in D minor, which had been twice previously introduced at these concerts. The pianist of the evening was Mdlle. Anna Mehlig, who, we understand, was suffering from indisposition, and who certainly appeared very nervous and ill at her ease. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that she failed to do full justice either to herself or to the solo which she selected—Schumann's "Variations Symphoniques." Mendelssohn's trio in D minor (played on this occasion for the twentieth time at these concerts) was the concluding piece. The sisters Badia were the vocalists, and the finish of their duet-singing was thoroughly appreciated and warmly applauded. Next Monday Mdm. Norman-Néruda will again lead, and the pianist will be Miss Agnes Zimmermann.

Monday last being the feast of St. Cecilia, the College of Organists celebrated their annual festival on that evening in St. Paul's Cathedral by a special service. The music performed included Purcell's "Te Deum," and Dr. Stainer's "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" in A (both with orchestral accompaniments), Croft's anthem "God is gone up," &c. Mr. E. H. Turpin officiated as conductor, and Mr. C. Warwick Jordan presided at the organ.

Mdme. Essipoff gave the first of two recitals at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, when her programme included Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 110, two of Schumann's "Kreisleriana," and smaller pieces by Chopin, Liszt, Raff, Field, Schubert and Leschetizky.

An interesting present has been made to the German Emperor by some inhabitants of Berlin. It consists of a collection of autograph manuscripts by celebrated composers, and includes two quartetts by Spohr; a pianoforte-piece by Thalberg; an Italian air, with orchestral accompaniment, by Weber; a symphony by Schubert; and other works. The most important, however, is said to be a first sketch in four volumes (?) of the eighth symphony by Beethoven. Written partly with ink, partly with different coloured pencils, in some parts with extreme haste, in others with minute accuracy, the whole presents a curiously variegated appearance, and is often hard to decipher. Several pages are crossed through with the remark, "Nothing will ever come of that!" or "That's nothing!" In another place is written "Shall I repeat

this?" These notes imply a careful revision of the whole work. We give the above particulars on the authority of a Berlin paper; but they seem to us of doubtful authenticity, because it is known that Beethoven's habit was to sketch his works not in score, but in his notebooks, and an account of the sketches for the very work in question was given by Herr Nottebohm in the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* of May 21 last. Perhaps Herr Nottebohm can throw a little light on the subject.

Mdme. Seraphine Tausig, the widow of the late distinguished virtuoso Carl Tausig, and herself an excellent pianist, intends this winter to reappear in public, and to give concerts.

On the 14th inst., Mdme. Julie Schunck, née Jeanrenaud, a sister of the wife of Mendelssohn, died at Leipzig.

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